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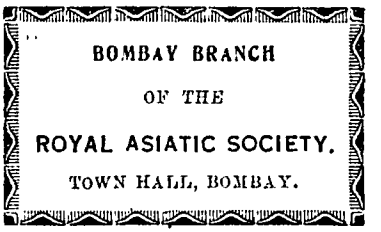

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FIVE YEARS

IN

KAFFIRLAND;

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE LATE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY,

TO THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE.

38313

Written on the Spot.

BY HARRIET WARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1848.

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TO

COLONEL HENRY SOMERSET, K.H.,

COLONEL OF THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLE REGIMENT, COMMANDING THE FORCES ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER OF SOUTHERN AFRICA,

WHO,

"BY HIS PATIENCE, COURAGE, PERSEVERANCE AND ABILITY,

BROUGHT THE DISASTROUS WAR IN KAFFIRLAND

TO A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE,"*

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND REGARD,

BY

THE AUTHORESS.

* See Sir Harry Smith's Address to Colonel Somerset, at King William's Town, Dec. 23, 1847.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Authoress of "Five Years in Kaffirland," who has just returned to England, regrets to find that, in consequence of her protracted stay in Southern Africa, the present volumes have appeared without her revision, or correction. A list of errata is, however, printed, to rectify, as far as possible, a few mistakes that have occurred. She trusts her Work will prove an acceptable record of the late events in Southern Africa, more particularly to all those who have either served with the Army in that part of the world, or whose friends may wish to become acquainted with the scene of so many privations and disasters as were experienced by all connected with the late disastrous war in Kaffirland.

She has also been enabled to append an excellent likeness of Colonel Somerset, a portrait

of the great Kaffir Chief, Sandilla—also a perfect likeness—taken when he was in captivity in 1847,—and a sketch of the Troops crossing the Tyumie stream, after the action in the Amatola Mountains, illustrating the peculiar difficulties attending a war with Savages.

JUNE, 1848.

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ERRATA.

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Page 227, line 15, *for* Kratuz, *read* Krantz.
,, 247, ,, 25, *for* Woext's *read* Woest's.
,, 262, ,, 24, *for* Nommbé, *read* Nonnebe.
,, 289, ,, 1, *for* Modden, *read* Modda.
,, 294, ,, 15, *for* Ganga, *read* Gwanga.
,, 302, ,, 13, *for* Dike, *read* Debe.

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Page 21, line 5, *for* Cosam, *read* Cosani.
,, 32, ,, 20, *for* Law, *read* Saw.
,, 39, ,, 6, *for* would, *read* will.
,, 54, ,, 7, *for* Souto, *read* Sonto.
,, 74, ,, 8, *for* Tamaghe, *read* Tamacha.
,, 83, ,, 3, *for* Willshire, *read* Wiltshire,
,, 105, ,, 7, *for* du fin, *read* de la fin.
,, 149, ,, 1, *for* Hell's Point, *read* Hell's Poort.
,, 175, ,, 15, *for* Kauti, *read* Anta.
,, 189, ,, 16, *for* Paikas, *read* Gaikas.
,, 217, ,, 18, *for* 1833, *read* 1843.
,, 223, ,, 6, *for* he fancied, *read* Sir P. Maitland fancied.
Page 224, line 1, *for* Umgeki, *read* Umyeki.
,, 239, ,, 4, *for* Autá, *read* Anta.
,, 312, ,, 1, *for* Mr. Faunce, *read* Mr. Faunt.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. R. HARRISON,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

FIVE YEARS

IN

KAFFIRLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT—THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA—CLEMENTINA, THE BEAUTIFUL NUN—VIEW OF CAPE TOWN—THE SHIP STRIKES—DREADFUL STORM—THE AUTHOR'S PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE—WRECK OF THE ABERCROMBIE ROBINSON AND WATERLOO.

THERE was nothing very pleasant in the prospect before me of leaving England just as summer was opening her gates, and exhibiting her flower-strewn paths and fragrant hedge-rows. My health was not good, and to my mode of travelling I looked forward as anything but agreeable; since a troop-ship can never be considered as affording even convenient accommodation for a lady, and the miseries

of a sea-life must of necessity be enhanced by being shared with a crowd of fellow-sufferers of various classes.

Nevertheless, on reaching Ireland, (land of green spots and generous hearts!) my spirits rallied; my soul could not but respond to kindly sympathies and disinterested hospitality, and by the time the troop-ship, Abercrombie Robinson, arrived in Kingstown Harbour, whence we were to embark (in all upwards of seven hundred souls) for the Cape of Good Hope, I had shaken off my unavailing regrets in a great degree, and was prepared to meet my destiny with a fortitude worthy of a soldier's wife,—a fortitude, indeed, earned by experience in my encounter with "perils by sea and land."

> But people now don't care for rhymes romantic,
> And I must cease to think of former years.
> This, my third trip across the vast Atlantic,
> Hath taught me to subdue a world of tears;
> For worse than idle, on a joyous track,
> Were the vain sorrow earned by looking back!
>
> *My Journal.*

The inhabitants of Dublin, "in the merry month of May," 1842, emigrated by instalments

to visit the Abercrombie Robinson,—a ship of fourteen hundred tons being rarely seen in Kingstown Harbour. She now lies a wreck upon the sands of Africa, a true type of the littleness of man's works, and of the power of Him who "blew with His winds and they were scattered." But I must not anticipate.

We embarked, and for a day or two enjoyed the balmy breezes of the summer sea as we lay in harbour. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant came on board in the barge, to see the ship, the barge being steered by the Agent, Lieutenant J. R. Black, R.N. The guns saluted, the yards were manned, bands were playing, colours flying, soldiers cheering, &c. &c. True, the bands (never having practised together) played in a bunch of keys, the bunting was anything but clean, and the soldiers were little pleased with the prospect of crowded berths, and all the miseries of a sea-life to a landsman. But it all looked and sounded very well. After all, imagination has much more to do with the outward pleasures of us poor worldly creatures than reality. So the Lord Lieutenant congratulated us on our fine prospects, and drank our healths, wishing us pros-

perity (and I am sure he was in earnest); and his Aides-de-Camp looked as civil as they could, considering they were very much bored: and, when we had all played at company and propriety for a given time, His Excellency left the ship, steered as before, and there was a repetition of guns firing, soldiers shouting, &c.; and the people on the shore, no doubt, thought it very fine indeed: like children at a fair, who, looking up at Richardson's show, admire the beautiful ladies and gentlemen in rags and spangles, but little dreaming that there *are* rags behind the spangles.

We were, however, better off with regard to accommodation than we had been as inmates of a transport on a former occasion, when we went to St. Helena. Our ship was strong, apparently, as a castle, and our accommodation very superior. With the first favourable breeze we spread our canvass, and sailed out of Kingstown Harbour, hundreds cheering us from the shores of green Ireland, while our men responded to their shouts.

The voyage was dull enough, only varied by a due quantity of parades, roll-calls, mustering of

watches, with a running accompaniment of bugles, bagpipes, and drums. Our party, in general, was an agreeable one; the average quantity of ill-humour being small in proportion to our number, and therefore falling harmlessly enough on those who were willing to make the best of everything. We paid by the way a visit to Madeira.

The view of this beautiful island (or rather of Funchal, the principal town) in some magazine, is the best representation of it I have seen. The town is prettily situated, but deplorably spoiled by the narrowness of its streets, an unaccountable fault in such a latitude*. I was, unfortunately, too much indisposed,—suffering as I was from the effects of a species of scarlet fever,—to visit the interior of the island; but even the outskirts of the town were most refreshing. There was a sound of running waters, a waving of green boughs, scenting the air with their fragrance, and making me imagine myself, in my weak

* I learn that on the same remark being made to an inhabitant of Madeira, he gave an excellent reason for this apparent fault, viz., that the houses being built closely together afforded a greater shade from the sun than wider streets would have done.

state, fanned by the kindly wings of unseen angels.. The last fortnight on shipboard had been passed in great discomfort: heavy sickness at all times is a severe tax on our patience, but at sea, in a narrow cabin, where one's weak voice is often drowned by the creaking of masts, the dashing of the waves, and the hoarse calls of the seamen, it is beyond all conception to those who have not similarly suffered. My little tour in my tiny palanquin at Madeira was, therefore, most delicious; first I lingered in the square, under the trees, looking at the 11th regiment of Portuguese troops on parade. Well dressed, well drilled, well appointed, and withal well looking, they had every appearance of being an efficient body of men. Then their harmonious band (not one instrument being heard distinctly above another) exceeded in sweetness any regimental band I ever heard in our service. The big drum, instead of being struck with violence, merely swelled in accompaniment; and, when the fifes took up the strain, the brazen instruments lowered *their* tone in perfect unison with the powers of the lesser ones. This over, I was carried onwards through alleys green with the foliage of the graceful vine;

the distant hills made me long for refreshing landscapes and "spicy gales," but these were denied me, and my bearers carried me into a garden adjoining a house which we understood belonged to the English Consul, but which we found was tenanted by Lady Harriet D——, who was residing at Madeira for the benefit of her children's health. On learning this, as we were about to retire, a man-servant followed, begging us, in his lady's name, to proceed. We did so, and under a group of trees we discovered Lady Harriet, surrounded by books and work, and apparently intent on the instruction of two sable pupils. The sound of her voice as she rose to meet me, bespoke her pity for my pale looks and exhausted frame, and the refreshment we accepted at her ladyship's hospitable hands enabled me to endure the fatigue of returning to the town better than I should otherwise have done.

The gun from the Abercrombie announced her being under weigh, and we were obliged to depart in haste, the heavy surf and constant swell of the sea at Madeira rendering the passage from the shore to the ship always tedious and more or less difficult.

Almost every one has heard of Clementina, the beautiful Nun, at the Convent at Madeira. Her name has been so often before the public that there can be no possible harm in relating a singular incident of which she was the heroine, and which occurred while we were there. A large party (from an English frigate lying like ourselves at anchor) landed and paid a visit to the convent. Among the group assembled in front of the grating, behind which the nuns appear to receive visitors, was a Mr. H——. As Clementina advanced she caught sight of this gentleman, and had no sooner done so than with a sudden scream she fainted. Every one was amazed, Mr. H. as much so as any. On recovering her senses, the fair nun inquired if the gentleman who had caused her emotion bore the name of H——? On being answered in the affirmative, she almost relapsed into a state of insensibility; but, on recovering herself, she begged further to know if he was the Mr. H. with whom she had formerly eloped from the convent? It was explained that the Mr. H. she now saw was the cousin of her former lover, to whom he bore an extraordinary resemblance. On learning this, she requested him to be the

bearer of a letter from her to his cousin, which she afterwards forwarded to him, and then the curtain dropping between the nuns and the visitors closed this singular and romantic interview.

Again we set sail, and the same monotonous routine continued with little variation. Occasionally, we fell in with a passing ship looking like a thing of life upon the solitary world of waters, which brought us the consolation of being able to write letters homewards. Homeward letters! Ah! what eager hearts at home were wishing for those letters! How much of affection, and sorrow, and anxiety, and prayerful love was in them I thought, as the bag, ere the boat departed for the "Homeward bound" lay at my feet upon the senseless deck! It is the habit of tracing the common things of life back to their sources, be they sad or sweet, which has sometimes given me pleasure, oftener pain. There moved off the gallant ship, there rang the cheers of our soldiers, there sounded the reckless voices of the young, the gay, the heartless, and the high-spirited, and while they perhaps were little thinking of the parents, the friends, the sisters,

to whom they had sent home letters, my eyes were filling as

> Earlier memories rushed upon the heart
> And burst oblivion's cloud.

On the 22nd of August there was a cry of "land!" and, on the following morning, the vast mountains forming the boundary of part of the south-western coast of Africa, lay stretched before us. Then Table Mountain and its smaller companions reared their cloud-capped crests; and the white villas at Green Point tantalized us with their proximity, from which, owing to the wind, we were obliged to bear away constantly. For two days we hovered in the offing, and, on the evening of the 25th, we hailed the sound of our anchor-chains. It was a most lovely night, the unclouded moon illuminating the white houses in Cape Town, and the lofty mountains standing out in strong relief against the clear sky; while our bugles, drums, and fifes, made merry music on the poop of our gallant ship. How we lingered about, unwilling to retire to rest, so anxious were we for the morning! It came at last, and the commanding officer went ashore to report in

due form our arrival to the Governor. On his return in a few hours, we learned that all of us, except the Colonel and the Major, were to proceed, by way of Algoa Bay, to the frontier. The flank companies and the band were to be brought from thence to Cape Town, and the three companies expected from St. Helena were to be detained there on their arrival. Many of our party, especially the gentlemen, rejoiced at this; liking the prospect of an active and sporting life infinitely better than that which would be merely varied by lounging about Cape Town, attempting races, or philandering at the balls. We were to remain in harbour about five days for water and provisions, (our stock being quite exhausted,) and then to proceed on our voyage.

On Saturday morning, the 27th of August, all the officers not for duty obtained permission to go on shore; the command of the troops on board devolving on Captain Gordon, 91st Regiment. All landed but six; my husband was one of those to remain; consequently I did not accept the kind invitation of my friend, Mr. Jenkins, to accompany him with my little girl to his house near Cape Town. Afterwards, in the hour of danger,

and in the time of extreme terror, I had a strange undefinable satisfaction in having remained. The sight of my child made me wish I had sent *her* on shore in the morning. Towards evening, the wind increased considerably; but, though there was a heavy sea and every prospect of a gale, our Captain depended on his anchors. The Agent, Lieutenant Black, R.N., had gone on shore on duty at four o'clock in the evening, and being invited to dine with the Governor at seven o'clock, was in consequence detained by the impossibility of boats getting off from returning on board. The whole responsibility, therefore, devolved on the Master, Mr. John Young. The wind and sea rising caused at first but little alarm; at twelve o'clock, however, the ship shivered; apparently from being struck by a heavy sea. She trembled in every joint, and the same sensation being almost immediately after felt again, it was evident the vessel touched the bottom and with some violence. I rose from my bed, and, dressing my child and myself, we proceeded with my husband to the cuddy, where some of the officers were assembled round the stove; the night being bitterly cold. The Captain,

still depending on the strength of his anchor-chains, saw no great cause of alarm, and having put my child to sleep on a chair which Captain Gordon kindly prepared for her, I retired again to my berth, and, being quite worn out, soon fell fast asleep. I was awoke by my husband bidding me rise, and come on deck immediately, the anchor chains having both snapped one after the other. My little Isabel stood beside her father partly dressed, and pale and silent. I have no distinct recollection of all that happened for the first half hour after this awful intelligence. I remember hearing the water splashing about my cabin, and our little lamp swinging violently backwards and forwards. I remember being dragged in unshod feet along the wet deck, up the steerage hatchway, while my husband carried my child. I can remember, too, her little voice issuing from my bed, into which she had crept to fasten on her warm boots, and begging me not to be frightened.

"How calm she is!" said I, to my husband.

"Poor thing!" he whispered, "she does not know her danger."

"Yes, I do," she answered, overhearing us; "but mamma has often told me that God Al-

mighty can take care of us if He pleases; and I keep saying that to myself, and then I am not half so frightened."

I remember, at the height of the storm, when the noise of the thunder could scarcely be distinguished from the roar of the waters, and the torrents of rain,—when the elements in fact howled wildly and angrily at one another,—when the lightning pouring, as one may call it, on our decks, blazed in at the fore-windows of the cuddy, being horror-stricken at the ghastly faces assembled under the uncertain and flickering light of a broken lamp! I can remember when the water rose up to my knees, being carried between decks with my child, through rows of shrieking women and silent soldiers. The conduct of our men was beyond all praise.

For some time, I sat on a chest with my child, near the fore-hatch, the ship continuing to drive, every moment striking against the sand, and our only hopes resting on the coming of the dawn, which would show us *where we were*, the floods of rain preventing the lightning—vivid as it was —from doing this distinctly. About six in the morning, the Captain came down among us with

some comfort, saying he hoped the ship was making a bed for herself in the sand. In truth, she had been all night like some great creature scratching her way through it with restless impatience. The rudder had been carried away from the first, the stern cabins knocked into one, and the sea bubbling up like a fountain in the after part of the ship. We were yet uncertain of our safety, for there were rocks not many hundred yards from us, on which the Waterloo convict ship had already struck: but of her anon. Meanwhile, our people attaching a rope to a shot, fired it on shore, but in vain. All night the guns from the fort and other vessels had been giving awful warnings to the town, while the constant roll of musketry on board the convict ship, led us to imagine that the convicts were mutinous. This was, however, discovered afterwards not to be the case: they had been loosened from their bonds on the first alarm, and desired to make use of the first possible means of escape.

At length, as we neared the coast, which for some time had been crowded with spectators, we were enabled, through God's mercy, to get a boat on shore with a rope attached to the ship, and

afterwards fastened to an anchor driven in the sand. As the surf-boats put off, the first of which brought Lieutenant Black, the Agent, on board, our men gave nine hearty cheers, and in a few minutes we commenced our disembarkation; the women and children being lowered into the boats first: I waited for the third boat. Such a noble example had been shown by the officers to their men, and its effects on the latter had been so important, that in spite of my anxiety to land, I felt unwilling to exhibit it by hurrying from the ship to the shore, and thus creating unnecessary fears among the poor uneducated women, whose terrors I had witnessed during the awful hours of the night. As I was carried between decks, I had been struck, in spite of my fears, with the scene that met my view there. Pale women, with dishevelled hair, stretched themselves from their beds, wringing their hands, and imploring me to comfort them. Some prayed aloud; others, Roman Catholics, called on the Virgin and their favourite saints to help them in their peril; and many bent in silent but eloquent agony over their unconscious infants. One woman who had, during the whole voyage, been considered as

dying of deep decline, sat up in the hammock which had been carefully slung for her, and with a calm voice, which was yet distinguishable from the noise around her, imparted a certain confidence in the power of the Almighty to all who were willing to listen to her, or at least prepared them to view their possibly approaching fate with more resignation. That calm, steady voice sounded strangely amid the cries of fearful women, the hoarse voices of reckless sailors, and the crashing of timbers; while, above all, still rolled on the sound of musketry from the convict ship, Waterloo, now beating violently against the rocks, and beyond immediate help; while the appearance of hundreds on the beach striving, some to get their boats off, and others with daring spirit urging their horses through the surf, formed a scene difficult to describe, even by the pen of a mere looker-on.

Our ship was a stout vessel, and held well together. I embarked at last in a surf-boat with my child, (my husband of course waited for his company,) and with a heart full of earnest gratitude to the Almighty, I approached the land. Had I dreamt of the awful calamity which after-

wards befell our unfortunate neighbour, the Waterloo, I should not have felt the exhilaration of spirit I did as the Lascars bore me from the boat to the shore through the surf, while Mr. Dalzell, of the 27th, carried my child gallantly through it before him on his saddle. Mr. Jenkins' carriage stood waiting for us on the beach; and having had the satisfaction of witnessing my husband's disembarkation with his men, we started for our kind friend's charming villa, in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. As we drove on, the sight of the Waterloo's inverted flag, half-mast high, made me shudder; but, as the tide was falling, which, by-the-by, increased the danger of her position, but of this I was unaware, I trusted the boats might be enabled to reach her, and thus hoped for the best. In half an hour afterwards, her mainmast fell over her side, the ship parted in four different places, and in less than ten minutes upwards of 200 unfortunate beings were precipitated into the raging surf. About 70 escaped by swimming on shore; among them Mr. Leigh, of the 99th Regiment; many were crushed between the falling spars; ghastly faces gleamed up from the boiling waters, and

with outstretched arms implored help from the shore. Eyes, glazed with agony and despair, burst from their sockets as the rising heads of the sufferers got jammed between floating timbers; and mothers, with infants clinging to their bosoms, were washed off the rafts to which they vainly strove to cling, while the shriek of "some strong swimmer in his agony," rose above the roar of the elements, and in a moment was smothered by the dash of the bubbling waters over his helpless limbs. Only one woman was saved: she, poor creature, had seen her husband and child swept away before her. On being brought into the barrack-square at Cape Town, where the Governor and his Staff were assembled, the unfortunate woman flung herself at the feet of the former, and embracing his knees exclaimed, "Can you not help me? you have power here; can you not give me back my husband and my child? You look a good man; can you do nothing for me? Ah! I know you will help me. Sir, I beseech you to give me back my husband and my child!" And this was only one of many scenes of distress.

Great praise was afterwards deservedly be-

stowed on our men for their steady conduct and ready obedience to their officers. The detachment of the 27th and Cape Mounted Riflemen deserved equal praise. Young men, too, they were—the average age of the battalion being scarcely more than twenty-one years. Many of them had never been drilled—never even had arms in their hands;—almost all the rest were volunteers from different regiments, and consequently little known to their superiors. The real secret, however, may be traced to the example shown them by their officers; and too much praise cannot be bestowed on Captain Bertie Gordon, to whose charge they fell on the senior officer's leaving the ship. Young in years, and comparatively so in experience, he acted with a calmness, decision, and judgment, that give high promise of future good. Much more could I say on this subject, but that (as is the case with all high and generous spirits) he who most deserves praise is always the most unwilling to have it blazed abroad. All, however, must have esteemed themselves fortunate in falling under the command of one so able to do his duty under such trying circumstances.

It may not be irrelevant to say a word or two here on the subject of the frequent wrecks in Table Bay during the winter months, viz., in May, June, July, and August. Ships during these months are ordered to go round to Simon's Bay, but this cannot always be done, as in our case. There had been a great deal of sickness on board during the whole of the voyage; three days before we made the land, three men belonging to the 91st Regiment had died of typhus fever in the short space of thirty-one hours and a half, their bodies and their bedding being committed to the deep without a moment's unnecessary delay.

Although application was made, before we left Ireland, for a second Surgeon, it was refused; and the troops, women, and children, were committed to the charge of a very young man, who, however anxious he might be to do his duty, must have found some difficulty in giving his attention to all who required it. Had he been laid up on the sick-list, there is no knowing to what evil consequences it might have led. Besides typhus fever on board, there was one decided case of scarlet fever (my own was of this description, also), and

several casualties arising from accidents. Fresh provisions and vegetables were thus most desirable, especially for the invalids. Simon's Bay being between forty and fifty miles by sea, and twenty-three by land, from Cape Town, it was a point of great importance to disembark the troops if possible at the latter place. It must be remembered that it was only on arriving in Table Bay, when the commanding officer communicated with the Governor, that we learned we were to proceed to the frontier. It was also necessary to take in fresh stock. Furthermore, the wind (after we had been beating about the offing for three days in a calm) became favourable for entering Table Bay, the weather was remarkably fine, and the winter season at its close. Had the ship been properly found in anchors and anchor chains, it is most likely she would have ridden out the hurricane; as it was, it is just as likely she would have parted her anchors in Simon's Bay, where the gale was felt considerably. It is true, the Port Captain desired our Captain to haul up his anchors and shift his berth next morning, as he was too near in-shore; but the wind then blowing into the bay rendered this a dangerous experi-

ment. The Waterloo convict ship had taken up an excellent position: we were to have moved towards that part of the bay where she lay at anchor; had we been even enabled to do so, what might have been the consequence, since the Waterloo herself was driven from her anchors on the rocks, and there dashed to atoms?

Our vessel was one of Soames' finest ships, and even now (nearly a month after the wreck) lies firm in the sand. It is possible she might not have shared the fate of the Waterloo; it is hardly probable, however, though she might have held together much longer in such a position. But who surveyed the Waterloo and pronounced her seaworthy? The pieces of her hull which were picked up on the beach, crumbled to dust in the hands of those who tried their strength. As, however, most able commissioners have been appointed to make proper inquiries into the wrecks of the Abercrombie Robinson and the Waterloo convict ship, abler pens than mine have already been employed in sending home an unprejudiced account of the whole unfortunate affair. I have said thus much of ourselves, and I have said it impartially, because, in cases of shipwreck,

the Captain is frequently blamed for what he cannot help—for what, in fact, is a visitation of the Almighty. To Captain John Young, Master of the troop-ship, as well as to Lieutenant Black, R.N., we were indebted, during the whole of the voyage, for the utmost attention and kindness; the more so as, from the unanimity subsisting between them, they were enabled to act together for the benefit of us all; and I think I cannot close this article better than by quoting a letter* written to Captain Young a few days since by Captain Gordon.

CAPTAIN GORDON'S LETTER TO CAPTAIN YOUNG.

Main Barracks, Cape Town;
August 31, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

As commanding the Reserve Battalion of the 91st Regiment at the time of the wreck of the transport Abercrombie Robinson in Table Bay, I feel myself authorized to express my sense of your coolness, intrepidity, and readiness of resource, during those anxious hours of responsibility, when, from eleven

* One equally complimentary was written to our esteemed friend, Lieutenant Black, but I have it not at hand at this moment.

o'clock on the night of the 27th of August, to daylight on the morning of the 28th, the lives of seven hundred souls depended, under God, on your firmness and seamanship. They are qualities essential in the commander of a ship at all times, and must be more than ever necessary when several hundred soldiers, women, and children, crowd his decks.

They conspicuously distinguished your conduct throughout that night, whose scenes were too full of danger not to have impressed every one with the near possibility of destruction.

The question of life or death seemed often to hang on each minute's duration; but, through God's mercy, your able conduct brought us safely through a host of perils.

On the part of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the Reserve Battalion 91st Regiment, and of the detachments of the 27th Regiment and Cape Mounted Riflemen, then on board, I beg to offer our united acknowledgments of the praise and gratitude which your exertions so highly merited.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

BERTIE E. M. GORDON, Capt. 91st Regt.

The undersigned officers of the 91st Regiment, on board the Abercrombie at the time of her being driven

ashore on the morning of the 28th of August, beg to subscribe their names to the above letter of thanks.

J. WARD, Capt. 91st Regt.
J. C. CAHILL, Paym. Res. Batt..91st Rt.
J. H. E. STUBBS, M.D., As.-Surg. 91st Rt.
J. M'INROY, Ensign 91st Regt.
ROBT. LAVERS, Ensign 91st Regt.
BERTIE E. M. GORDON, Capt. 91st Regt.

CHAPTER II.

ABSTRACT OF THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE COLONY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, FROM THE YEAR 1805 TO THE PRESENT TIME.

FROM the far plains of Southern Africa—from the shady valleys—from the wooded banks of gliding streams and noisy torrents—from the dark recesses of the deep ravines—from the cultivated lands of the industrious settler—from the well-filled cattle-fold of the idle and ferocious savage —from the smoky hut of the indolent Hottentot —and from the tent and bivouac of the soldier— let the voice of Truth be heard! Ye philanthropists — fallacious reasoners on subjects of which ye know nothing certain, who romanticise about savages and slavery till ye get entangled

in a web of metaphysics of your own weaving, from which ye have neither the power nor the courage to extricate yourselves—who would leave the savage in undisturbed possession of a vast tract of country as much in need of population as England is of the reverse; who would take the yoke from the slave's neck and send him forth—free, indeed, in body, but trammelled in mind with sin and sorrow, since he knows not how to live, or to earn a living,—hear the voice of Truth! And ye political economists, who rail at the expenses which fall on the nation by the maintenance of a large army (grumbling at the effect, yet wilfully blind to the cause)—hear the voice of Truth!

How is it that more troops have been sent out to this Colony? Let us begin with the beginning. Let us show the cause from which this apparently unnecessary expenditure has arisen. How is it that the Kaffir is bolder than ever in his deeds of blood, of plunder? Murders the farmer's herdsman within a stone's throw of the farm? Walks off with the cattle through the Colony, (nay, out of Graham's Town horses are occasionally taken from the stables,) and waylays the poor young

settler as he reposes under the shadow of the bush, barbarously killing and mutilating him in cold blood, within five miles of a populous settlement like Bathurst? We will tell you.

How is it that a force is kept at Natal, and fresh troops added to it? How is it that the young and brave lie buried there unrevenged, unthought of save by those who knew them and mourn their loss? How came it that Boers first sulked over their pipes, then muttered, then growled, then grumbled, then became disaffected, and then took their long roers in their hands? We will tell you.

We established ourselves in this Colony in 1805, and till 1827 (with the exception of a change in the currency very displeasing to the Dutch), were contented to stand by the laws by which they themselves had been governed, with such occasional amendments and modifications as the change of circumstances required. After three or four years' notice and consideration, a code of English laws (not exactly the laws of England) was adopted. As, from the non-acquaintance with our language, it was impossible to make the Dutch thoroughly conversant with the principles upon

which these laws were framed, they soon became discontented. The clerks in the public offices, to whom they applied occasionally for information, were unable to give their time to listen to their grievances; and, had they been inclined to enlighten them, their ignorance of the Dutch language rendered it impracticable. Previously to this, every district had been governed by a Magistrate, or *Landrost.* He had to assist him a council of eight individuals, called *Hemraaden*, chosen from among the most respectable and influential land-holders, who informed the inhabitants of all events and changes occurring in the colony and its laws, explained all difficulties, heard all complaints, and were, in short, the medium of communication between the people and the authorities. The English laws completely superseded these arrangements, and the utter want of education among the Dutch, particularly the scattered farmers, rendered them jealous and suspicious of their new legislators, whose system (practically or theoretically) they could not understand.

It is true that the bad condition, and, in many cases, the ill-usage of the Hottentots, called for

investigation and amendment; but many attempts that were made to ameliorate their condition proved vain, from being as defective as they were ill-executed. Some real and more pretended philanthropists — bewailing this state of affairs — set about remedying the evil; but, from their incompetency and false prejudices, did much more harm than good. At last, they prevailed on General Bourke to pass an ordinance, freeing the Hottentot race from all those restraints which are found absolutely necessary for the preservation of social order in all civilized communities. The consequence of this ill-advised decree is manifested to this day, for it is the cause of the gradual self-extermination (so to speak) of the race. A few respectable individuals are still to be found among them on the Kat River and some other localities, but these are a mixed race, and it may be said that the original Hottentot race has been gradually but surely dwindling away since the enactment of the above-mentioned 50th Ordinance.

Just as matters stood a chance of finding their level, the farmer beginning to try to accustom himself to bear the inconveniences arising from the Hottentot's freedom from all restraint, and

consequent contempt of servitude, (for on the enactment of the 50th Ordinance they had taken to a life of vagrancy, spurning all work,) the Kaffirs sounded their war-cry, and burst upon the colony.

How was this? We will tell you.

The pseudo-philanthropists we have alluded to, not satisfied with the mischief their hot-headed interference had caused with respect to the Hottentots, next carried their exertions into Kaffirland, where these modern crusaders, perambulating the country, inquired into grievances, suggested resentful remonstrances and appeals, and in many instances made specific, yet contradictory promises; and, though they did not always positively assert, yet willingly allowed to be promulgated, statements of their influence and ability to alter the decrees of Majesty itself, such as none but the savage ignorance they had to deal with could have credited. Ripened thus for a first complaint of offence, an apparent excuse was not long wanting. From the depredations and encroachments of the Kaffirs on the Hottentot location in the Kat River settlement, the authorities ordered the expulsion of the Kaffir chief,

Charlie (so called by the express desire of his father Gaika, after Lord Charles Somerset)—from a portion of the neutral territory which he had been allowed to occupy on sufferance during good behaviour. This indulgence he had clearly forfeited, the depredations being almost invariably traced to his locality. Though, on solemn promise of amendment, he had been subsequently permitted to resume his position, yet, from the natural ingratitude of his race, and the pains taken by his *soi-disant* and injudicious European friends to persuade him how ill he had been treated by his original expulsion,—after a few months of smothered ill-will, the volcano burst, and these savages poured, *en masse*, into the colony; fire, devastation, and the murderous blade marking their progress throughout this astonished, peaceable, and, with trifling exceptions, unprotected frontier, to the ruin of thousands—a ruin from which many have never recovered, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of their best friend, Sir Benjamin D'Urban. Had his mild and well-arranged system been carried into effect, the Kaffir would be on the high road to civilization, instead of fulfilling the curse of his progenitor, Ishmael, having his

hand against every man, and, consequently, every man's hand against him; while in the colony we should have, as we had before, peace and plenty. The respectable Dutch peasantry, who have been driven out of their fatherland by misrule and cant, are now in array against us, while terror (from a too well-founded dread of rapine and murder) is stalking over the land, and palsying the minds of all men.

Under the able government of Sir Benjamin D'Urban—crippled as it was by a change in the Ministry—the Colony, after the war, resumed the appearance and probability of peace, when another great event altered the face of everything. Suddenly there was a voice, which went through all the countries of the known earth, crying aloud, "Let the slave be free!" Societies sent forth their ragged regiments, with banners, on which the negro was depicted as an interesting child of nature, chained and emaciated; while a ruffian beside him held the lash over his head. "The people" really imagined that the sugar plantations were worked by lanky negroes, handcuffed one to another. Elderly ladies, who abused their neighbours over their bohea, rejoiced in the

prospect of "emancipation and cheap sugar;" and the people—the dear "people"—expected to get it for nothing.

The Dutch were quite ready to listen to the voice that cried shame at the idea of seizing our fellow-creatures, packing them like herrings in slave-ships, and bartering for them in the market. Every one of good feeling revolted at the custom, and looked for the remedy. But how to set about the remedy should have been considered. The chain was broken, and the people of England hurraed to their heart's content. And the slave! What, in the meanwhile, became of him? If he was young and vicious, away he went—he was his own master. He was at liberty to walk to and fro upon the earth, "seeking whom he might devour." He was free—he had the world before him where to choose. Whether true or false, he was persuaded he had been ill-used. So while his portrait, with a broken chain, sleek limbs, eyes uplifted to heaven, and hands clasped in speechless gratitude, was carried about the streets of our manufacturing towns in England (where there was more starvation in one street, than among the whole of the South African

slave population), the original of the picture was squatted beside the Kaffir's fire, thinking his meal of parched corn but poor stuff after the palatable dishes he had been permitted to cook for himself in the Boer's, or tradesman's kitchen. But he was fain to like it—he could get nothing else, and this was earned at the expense of his own soul; for it was given him as an inducement to teach the Kaffir the easiest mode of plundering his ancient master. If inclined to work, he had no certain prospect of employment, and the Dutch, losing so much by the sudden emancipation act, resolved on working for themselves. So the virtuous redeemed slave had too many temptations to remain virtuous. He was hungry—so was his wife—so were his children; and he must feed them. How? No matter.

And the aged slave! He sat himself down on the hearth to which he had been accustomed, but he had no longer a right to the shelter of the roof-tree under which he had lived, and his children had been born. He, too, must beg for food; but he was so old he could hardly crawl. He grew sick; there was none to take care of him but the charitable; and, fortunately for the

poor, the aged, and the sick, there *was* charity in the land. Of what availed the slave's freedom, under such circumstances? Still, some were harmless. It was the vicious negro who rejoiced in his freedom, and taught the Kaffir how best to rob and murder, till most probably the Kaffir murdered him, or made him toil harder than he had ever done under the Boer.

Then, the Dutch grumbled not so much at the emancipation, as at the manner of it. Even when they were willing to hire those who had been their slaves, they hesitated to receive as servants those over whom the law gave no control. Meanwhile, much of the twenty-five millions which had been set apart as compensation-money was frittered away on executives, the nature of whose offices compelled them to do mischief, instead of good, in the Colony. Special Justices, with large salaries, were appointed, who were bound to listen to all complaints, real or imaginary, which the apprentices—as the emancipated slaves were called—chose to make against their employers. Frequently, when the most frivolous or false accusations were laid before the magistrates, the master of the accused was sum-

moned from his farm to reply to it; thus losing his own time, leaving his ground untilled, his cattle unattended, his butter unchurned, &c. An apprentice woman once summoned her mistress before a magistrate (a distance of many miles), complaining of being ill clothed, because the dress she wore was the same as her mistress's, both having been provided with clothes by a board called the "Board of Relief," formed during the Kaffir war, for the purpose of clothing those who, having been hurried from their homes by the brand of the Kaffir, had escaped with merely the attire of the moment. Another invalid was summoned from her sick bed, seventy miles, to answer an indictment preferred against her by her servant, which indictment the magistrate was finally obliged to dismiss as "false and vexatious." The very Sabbath was desecrated by these worthless and misguided apprentices. They looked upon it not only as a day of cessation from work, but as one of most depraved dissipation. While the farmer on that day tended his own cattle they laughed at him, telling him he could not oblige them to work. When the duties of the household, which he and his family had been compelled

to execute for themselves, were over for the morning, and he sat down with his wife and children to their devotions, these holy exercises were disturbed by the profane singing and dancing of the apprentices, who would not even retire to a distance to celebrate their vicious orgies. This was, therefore, the effect, not of the original humanity which dictated the abolition of slavery, but of that far-fetched and absurd philanthropy, which, like all enthusiasm carried too far, becomes insanity. As an indemnification for the loss of their slaves, the owners obtained, on the average, about one-third of the value of them. From their not being paid their compensation-money in the colony, but being obliged to draw it from England, their loss by agencies and misunderstanding was very great.

The discontented Dutch, who had been gradually irritated by such unwise proceedings, began to migrate with their families over various branches of the Orange River, to the north-east of the colony. They were forbidden to take their apprentices with them; but in many instances they disregarded this order, and parties of military being sent after them, to bring the

apprentices back to the colony, this measure increased the feelings of resentment already excited in the minds of the Dutch towards the English, and the commanders of such military parties ran imminent risk of their lives in the execution of these duties. Having established themselves in various localities beyond the north-eastern boundary, and having no legal executives among themselves, they occasionally returned to the Colony when any appeal to justice was required; but, by degrees, the stream of emigration having set steadily outwards, it swelled to such an extent that it called for more room in its progress, and, spreading itself beyond the limits of British jurisdiction, or restraint, at length reached Natal. The most determined emigrants came to a resolution to establish for themselves, in the neighbourhood of that port, a Colony totally independent of British rule, and regulated by their own laws,—with which it may be lamented the English Government ever interfered. Of all people, perhaps the Dutch are the least likely to admit of innovations. Even if for their advantage, they must see the result of an experiment before they will adopt it. By the change in their currency, and by the

sudden emancipation of their slaves, followed up by measures necessary to give good effect to the result, the great colonial machine had been dragged, not taken to pieces; and where was the hand to be found sufficiently skilful to put it together? The slave was free! And, without knowing the value of his freedom, he was sent forth upon the world, to follow the example of the vagrant Hottentot, and become a "chartered vagabond." His freedom brought him more sorrow and anxiety than he had ever known. The Kaffir rejoiced at the idea of plunder made easy; the Dutch skulked gloomily over their discontent, each man fanning the embers of his neighbour's wrath. The poor Fingo, the slave of the Kaffir, by whom even his life might at any hour be sacrificed, alone reaped no advantage, real or imaginary, from the emancipation of the slave, the vagrancy of the Hottentot, the discontent of the Boer, the exultation of the Kaffir, or the uncomfortable position of the colonist.

The mischievous effects of what we have detailed are increasing every day. The treaties which were framed after the war, in total contradistinction to Sir Benjamin D'Urban's measures

and opinions, are not calculated to keep in check even civilized borderers did they require such check. Be it remembered, too, that they have been drawn up with the ostensible view of protecting Colonial life and property from the Kaffirs. "Laws were not made for honest men," so nothing is said of preserving Kaffir property from Colonial depredation. Such an edict was, of course, unnecessary. One clause in the treaty is treated with utter contempt by the Kaffirs at present. "Any Kaffir, or other native residing among the Kaffirs, who shall be desirous of crossing the boundary into the territory inhabited by the Colonists, shall be obliged to do so unarmed, and shall be bound to obtain a pass from one of the British Agents residing among the Kaffirs." —(See 21st Article.)

See what the 24th Article says on the subject of rescuing property from these thieving savages. "If any person being in the pursuit of criminals, or depredators, or property stolen by them, shall not overtake or recover the same before he shall reach the said line (provided he can make oath that he traced the said criminals, &c., across a particular spot on the said line; that the property

when stolen was properly guarded by an armed herdsman; that the pursuit was commenced immediately after such property was stolen; that if the robbery was committed in the night, the property had been (when stolen) properly secured in kraals (folds), stables, or the like, and that the pursuit in such case was commenced (at latest) early next morning,) such person shall be liberty to proceed direct to the pakati (Kaffir police!) living nearest the spot where he can swear such traces to have crossed the line, which pakati shall be bound at once to receive the statement, examine the traces, and, if the statement appear well founded, use his utmost endeavour to recover the stolen property as well as the perpetrators pursued, and it will be at the option of the party pursuing to continue the search at once under the guidance of the said pakati, provided he do not go armed, or accompanied by armed British subjects."

So if a farmer—Dutch or English—be provided with secure stabling for his horses, armed herds for his cattle, and is at home at the proper moment for starting on the pursuit, he will, after much trouble and loss, perhaps recover, if not his own horses or oxen, an equal number of Kaffir

cattle, lame, sick, or in wretched plight. The falling of a shower (thus obliterating the track) sends him home without the possibility of recovering his property at any period. But, even to obtain this chance of rescuing his cattle, the farmer calls for amendment in the law—for the establishment of a Vagrant Act. At present, it is hardly possible to procure servants of any description, trusty or otherwise. Neither herds for the cattle, nor workmen to repair the kraal or stable (or assist in doing so) will be found till laws are framed for putting down vagrancy. The Hottentot, the Fingo, the naturalized Bechuana, and the freed negro, may seat themselves by your dwelling-place, light their fires, smoke their pipes, and rob your premises; while the armed Kaffir prowls about your neighbourhood, using his musket, or assegai, for the purpose of murder or plunder, as he may see fit.

At this moment, gunpowder is so plentiful among the Kaffirs, that they are selling it to the Hottentots on the Kat River Settlement.

It may be said that, by a proper representation of these evils to the authorities, they may be remedied. They never will as the laws now stand.

It is to be hoped that the report of Sir Robert Peel having put the treaties into the fire is true.

Establish a Vagrant Act, and carry it into execution! Have a treadmill in Graham's Town; nothing will so effectually punish the indolent coloured population in the Colony. Send a misdoer to the tronck, or gaol, now in Graham's Town, and he spends his time as he likes best; sits in the sun, sees his friends, talks with his fellow-prisoners, is well fed, and sleeps on a comfortable mattress, under the shelter of a good roof.

Make the Keiskama the boundary between Kaffirland and the Colony. Enforce an edict forbidding any Kaffir, armed or unarmed, from crossing it, at least without proper authority from the Colonial Government. Send the first who disobeys the law to the treadmill; the second to hard labour in Roben Island. Even more summary measures than these may be found necessary for the preservation of many British lives, and much property, and for preventing an enormous expense to Government. Witness the last "Commando," or expedition against the marauding Chief, Tola, when troops and waggons were marched hither and thither on a

wild-goose chase. And yet the fault of causing these expenses, which raise such an outcry, does not lie with the executive of the present Government, but with those who formed the treaties here in 1837, and with those at home who permitted the ratification of such treaties without a proper insight into the grievances and geography of the Colony.

To enter into a detail of the advantages which would accrue from making the Keiskama the boundary, in preference to the Great Fish River, would be to stretch this chapter beyond its intended limits. But a few words will suffice to throw some light on the matter. The present boundary—the Fish River—is, on an average, twenty miles nearer the colony than the Keiskama. Between the former and the latter, a neutral territory, or patch of land, has been established, with the military post "Fort Peddie" in the centre, for the protection of the Fingos whom we redeemed from slavery under the Kaffirs. These people are now idle and useless, but might become excellent servants for the colonists, if proper laws were framed for preserving order and discipline between master

and man. The Fish River extends, with innumerable windings, much further into the colony than the Keiskama; and the jungle on and far beyond its banks, offers a lurking-place for hordes of these ferocious savages. The banks of the Keiskama are comparatively clear of jungle; and between it and the colony, instead of thick and interminable bush, lies an open tract of country, over which no stolen cattle could be driven with impunity, or without discovery.

Fort Willshire, which once formed so efficient a post on the colonial side of the Keiskama,—which was originally built under the superintendence of Sir Thomas Willshire, assisted by able engineers,—was burnt by the Kaffirs during the war of 1835, and afterwards repaired and re-established by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, at great expense, was, under the Stockenstrom Treaties, in 1836, given up to the Kaffirs, who demolished and defaced it at once. Were the boundary question once settled, as it ought to be, this post should again be established; and the occupation of it, with an efficient force, would cost nothing in comparison with the

present system of expense incurred by marching and counter-marching from one petty post to another, or scouring the bush in search of Tola,—rationing the chiefs and their people, who—pretending to be our friends—laugh over their rations at their cunning ingenuity in misleading us from the track of stolen cattle, which cattle are scattered about in divisions under the safe charge of Kaffirs dependent, even for life, upon these very chiefs!

We do not affect to point out a remedy; the question as to how it should be set about, takes too wide a range for our limits. But, as no disease can be radically cured (however the patients may be patched up from time to time), without tracing the evil to its source, so we have gone step by step through the political history of this Colony, with a view to prove the *origin* of the disasters under which it now struggles.

The only efficient step that has been taken is the sending troops to Colesberg. This additional expense is one of the consequences of the evil arrangements which made the Dutch discontented. More troops have been just sent to Natal, the

effect of the same cause. The question is, is the garrison there adequate to the emergency*? Though it was our fault originally that the Dutch became disaffected towards us, it will not do to allow them to form a settlement adjoining our own. One of the most influential Dutch landholders patiently awaited the arrival of Sir Andries Stockenstrom, after his re-appointment by the Whig Ministry; but, on finding his measure so contrary to what he and his countrymen had expected and hoped, they decided at once on emigrating beyond the Orange River. Having done so, whether justly aggrieved or not, they are now decidedly inimical to all English jurisdiction, and, for the security of that jurisdiction, must be treated as rebels. Decidedly, more troops were required. The 45th will do their work bravely, and there will yet be need of British courage and judgment at Natal. Instead, however, of sending out heavy dragoons, who are magnificent fellows in facing an open

* From this locality the Dutch Boers are emigrating now towards Natal, nominally to attack Panda, the Zoolah chief, but in reality to be ready for hostilities against the Natal garrison.

enemy, but who are about as much suited to the work of this colony as a first-rate frigate would be to the drawing up the mud-buckets used in deepening the Thames, the Cape Corps should have been augmented, or Light Cavalry ordered hither. The heavy dragoon, in his glaring dress of scarlet and brass, will serve no purpose in the bush, the kloof, or the drift, beyond being a good mark for the Kaffir's musket, or assegai. The Hottentot (to say nothing of the superior experience of the officers of the Cape Corps, and their knowledge of the Dutch language, which most of the Kaffirs understand) is the most efficient soldier for the frontier; he, with his keen eye, endurance of fatigue, hunger, and thirst, knowledge of the country, acuteness in tracing the spoor (or track) of cattle or Kaffirs, (the latter his foes by nature,) habited in his bush-coloured jacket, clay-coloured trousers—his dusky countenance in good keeping with his attire, is fully fitted to the service. The very act of tracing spoor is as peculiar to the native of South Africa as the following the trail is to the North-American Indian; and, where the constant disputes between

the Kaffirs and the colonists arise on the subject of plundering cattle, such a capacity is not only requisite but indispensable.

We have, therefore, to establish some measures for the preservation of peace between ourselves and the Dutch. If some decisive means be not taken to stop the present system of plunder and murder, the Dutch and English settlers in the colony will unite in one thing; and, by taking the law in their own hands, will probably bring on a Kaffir war.

The expense of maintaining a dragoon regiment will be greater than would have been incurred by augmenting the Colonial Corps; and, where all the latter corps would have been effective, the dragoons, though the best mounted, will be merely employed in the care of outposts, where infantry would have served the same purpose.

Unless some stern and determined eye be turned towards this Colony, with a hand prompt to act, a heart alive to conviction, and an ear open to the "voice of truth," the brand of the savage will follow next; and this beautiful depend-

ency of the British Crown, instead of offering a happy and prosperous settlement to the industrious emigrants whose own land is overburthened with population beyond its power of providing for them, will become the graves of those who resolve on standing by the roof-tree they have planted, or the homestead they have tilled,—even unto death.

Sketch Map
of the
Seat of War.
Somerset
Graham's Town
Uitenhage
Bathurst
Fort Beaufort
Fort Willshire
Fort Thomson
Fort Cox
Fort White
Fort Bowesford
Fort Warren
Fort Wellington
K. Wm.ns Town
Fort Peddie
Fort Murray
Fort Buffalo
Fort Harmanus
Fort Willshire
Somerset
Post
Kraga Berg
Toget R.
Sunday R.
Enon
Zuure berg
Gt. Fish R.
Kat R.
Kat Berg
Jno Murrays Mt.
Keiskamma R.
Chalumna R.
Buffalo
Combee
Gwaseni
Algoa Bay
Port Elizabeth
Recife
Sandy R.
Zwartkops R.
Kowie R.
Bushmans R.
Theopolis
Oliphants Hoek
Quagga Flat
C. Buckner
New Years R.
Kaffir Drift
Kromme R.
Baviaans R.
Winterberg Spruit
Teresa River
Hot R.
Fish R.
Little Fish River
Koonap R.
Gola R.
Keiskamma R.
Gove R.
Tarka R.
Line R.
Debe R.
Chalumna R.
Beeka R.
Gt Fish R.
Gonubie R.
Kaffirs R.
Gwanas R.
Kaffirs R.
Kaffirs R.
Kaffirs

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE TO ALGOA BAY—BIVOUAC—NATIVE RECREATIONS—MARCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA—GRAHAM'S TOWN—A HOTTENTOT WELCOME.

I WILL not dwell on the miseries of being detained in harbour on board the troop-ship, for three days after our embarkation at Cape Town for Algoa Bay. It is to be hoped that everything connected with the transport service will now be "revised and corrected." The agent for the transport protested we were ready for sea, the agent for the owner declaring we should sail on the afternoon of the day of embarkation (the

24th of February); while the Captain amused himself on shore, taking no notice whatever of the signal which had summoned all lingerers on board. We, who had been obliged to obey it the moment it was fired, were paying him handsomely for our board; a capital arrangement for the pockets which received the money, but very unsatisfactory for some of those whence it was issued. In this case, the bachelors of our party profited by the arrangement, since the Government allowance of four shillings a day went far towards liquidating their expenses. To them it was merely irksome to be detained in harbour, but the expenses were exceedingly heavy on the married officers, to say nothing of the unnecessary outlay on the part of Government, purely for the Captain's amusement. Our departure was at a very inconvenient time; the route arriving just as the income-tax was deducted from each officer's pay. Is it not rather hard that officers should be obliged to pay this tax when abroad; and that in a colony where no extra pay is given?

A few extracts from the Journal I began on board ship will give some idea of the disagreeables arising from our detention in harbour.

February 24th.—Hurried on board, in consequence of the signal for sailing being fired, and the agent for the owner of the ship sending us word she was ready for sea, and would sail in the afternoon. The heat quite overpowering, a hot wind prevailing—what a day for embarking at half-past two P.M.! The troops have already been on board four-and-twenty hours. Wind quite fair for getting out of harbour, with the prospect of a north-wester, which would suit us exactly if we were once out at sea. Much disappointed at not finding the Captain on board, and no prospect of even getting up the anchor. Asked the agent why he had fired the signal for sailing in the morning; he replied, "Because the ship and the troops were quite ready for sea." The Malabar has just got under weigh, and is clearing the harbour with a fine breeze.

Sunday, February 26th.—Cold and wet—the ship shockingly dirty. No prospect of the Captain. Some of the officers have got leave to go on shore. A wretched day, a heavy sea prevailing. Many people sick, especially on the lower decks, which are dark, crowded, and ill ventilated. We make a great stir at home about

our prisons, asylums, poor-houses, and such institutions, and keep them in a high state of order, cleanliness, comfort, and *plenty*—nay, we carry our philanthropy so far as to take our convicts out of the way of a shower of rain from their work in our dockyards. I begin to think our institutions for the poor and the depraved are almost as much intended for display as for the benefit of those they shelter, while transports and convict-ships, not coming under the inspection of foreign and domestic sight-hunters, are but sorry specimens of the care bestowed on her troops by mighty, philanthropic England!

A violent north-west gale all day and all night. I spent many hours of terror in remembering our wreck in Table Bay, in the Abercrombie Robinson, in August. Ships should not be detained in harbour in Table Bay without efficient reasons, especially troop-ships, containing hundreds crowded together.

Monday, February 27th.—A man found dead on the lower deck, suffocated from the effects of drunkenness. Had we sailed when we ought to have done so, he would have had little chance of procuring liquor. The Captain of the ship, and

the officers who obtained leave to go on shore yesterday, have come on board. Some prospect of sailing. Dead soldier sent on shore to be buried.

Sailed at one o'clock.

March the 1st.—We observed this evening a singular streak of light in the sky; no one able to account for it; it bore north-west from our position, steering as we were along the coast to the eastward.

March 2nd.—The meteoric light greatly increased in size and brilliancy.

March 4th.—Anchored in Algoa Bay, at eleven o'clock, A.M. The meteoric light, which has puzzled us all so much, turns out to be a comet, and increases in brilliancy every evening. Landed in the evening, in a private boat. The troops will land to-morrow, in surf-boats. We have reached the shore by the jetty, which reminds me of the one at Herne Bay, only that it is on a smaller scale, but is exceedingly creditable to the place, and a proof of its prosperity in trade*.

* This fine jetty was recently destroyed in a gale of wind, by a ship, which, having broken from her moorings, was driven, stern foremost, right through the fabric. The unfortunate crew, jump-

March 5th.—The single inn much crowded. The regiment has landed, and the little encampment formed on the green opposite the windows is very picturesque. How strangely the wild, dusky-looking savages contrast with the soldiers; the latter busy in their preparations for their comforts, the former lounging idly in their skins and blankets, draped not ungracefully round their dark forms!

* * * * *

The limits to which I am obliged to confine my pen will not permit my giving an account of all that is necessary on the voyage and journey from Cape Town to Graham's Town. I shall therefore proceed to detail, for the amusement of the reader, the progress of our own; and, although I cannot hope to invest it with an interest equal to that given to such narratives by more experienced travellers, to say nothing of more ingenious writers than myself, yet the circumstance of

ing from the ship to the lower end of the jetty, had congratulated themselves on their escape from the raging waves, when another vessel coming in contact with the wood-work, carried the whole of it away with its unhappy and ill-starred freight into the boiling surge beneath!

having threaded the weary way, in company with some five hundred others, soldiers, soldiers' wives, and children, may throw over it a certain charm in the eyes of some, while a better object would be attained were my narrative to elicit a consideration in favour of such advantages as might be bestowed on the soldier, with material benefit to him, while it would add nothing to the expenses incurred by Government in transporting troops from Cape Town to Graham's Town, and beyond it.

On Tuesday, the 7th of March, we started from Port Elizabeth for Graham's Town.

The evening before we departed, I accompanied my husband into the Commissariat Yard, to see the waggon which was to be the abode, by day, of my little girl and myself for nearly a week. I was already all the worse for having been condemned, with my husband and child, to a cabin on board the vessel, certainly not more than *nine feet by five, if so large.* On seeing the huge machine in which we were to travel, I could not help remarking to the Commissary, who was so good as to point it out to me, that there were but two alternatives to decide between, ere the bugles

sounded in the morning, and the tents were struck, preparatory to the troops moving off—these being, suicide, or mirth. In a state of quiescence the thing looked "horrible, most horrible;" but the "start," between the disposition to laugh, and the inclination to cry at the discomfort, was enough to make any one hysterical; and the remembrance of friends at home, who could never by any possibility be brought to comprehend the miseries one undergoes here, was strangely blended in my mind with the sights and sounds of outward objects; with the bellowing of oxen, the shouts of Hottentot drivers, the screams of children and scolding voices of their mothers in the neighbouring waggons, and the mingled oaths and laughter of the soldiers, as they picked up stray baskets, tin mugs, puppies, and babies, the latter animating the scene by occasionally tumbling off the waggons.

The first day of the march was fine, yet cool; the sky remaining overcast, yet without symptoms of rain. We left Port Elizabeth at eleven o'clock A.M. (We ought to have done so many hours earlier). The first thing we approached worth notice was a salt-pan, looking more like a frozen

lake upon which snow-heaps had been scattered, than any thing else. It is not to my purpose to describe these singular works of nature here; I mention this one, lying about four miles from Port Elizabeth, to call the attention of travellers to the sight; as, being rather below the road, it often escapes the observation of those who are enclosed within that "narrow receptacle for the *living*," a bullock-waggon.

We reached the Zwart Cops, the spot appointed for out-spanning* for the night, at about five o'clock. The scene was certainly very beautiful. Imagine a vast plain of fair green meadow-land, intersected, and in fact divided into parterres, by tall thick bushes, which here and there grew in clumps and copses, giving the ground the appearance of a vast park laid out with a great deal of attention to taste,—an amphitheatre of hills and mountains rising one behind another, till the summits in the distance blended with the clouds, gorgeously illuminated by the rays of the declining sun, whose glory was soon succeeded by the milder light of the "gentle moon," beside which the comet, in strange contrast, spread its long and

* See note, page 69.

fiery tail. One by one the tents had risen "side by side in beautiful array." Arms were now piled; the younger soldiers, tired with their first march, lounged on the ground in clusters, till roused by the older and more experienced men, who despatched them to gather wood and fetch water; and more than a hundred fires soon lit up the camp.

In a short time our own preparations for comfort, refreshment, and repose had been made. The tent was pitched, the fire lit in the nearest bush, and the kettle and gridiron put on. We had brought with us an Indian kitchen*, a most compact thing; but, unfortunately, it had been packed up in a chest too securely to be got at without much trouble; and, as we were only a party of three, we resolved on doing without it as long as we could. For any number of persons it is invaluable, but for two or three a gridiron, kettle, and saucepan are, or ought to be, enough. Our servant had also put away the bellows and the hatchet; and, though the wind sometimes served us in lieu of the one, we were frequently obliged to borrow the other, when we halted. Having

* Jones's Patent Indian Kitchen.

cold fowls, tongue, bacon, bread, butter, tea, sugar, and a bottle of milk*, and good store of wine, in our provision-basket, we did uncommonly well, roasting our potatoes in the ashes, comforting ourselves on the cold grass (not having thought of a tent-mat, or table,) with some warm negus. A piece of string wound round the pole of the tent, held a wax candle, but the wind rendering its light flickering and uncertain, we stuck a bayonet in the ground, and it made a very convenient and certainly characteristic candlestick. The meal and its fragments having been cleared away, our beds were made in the tent, which had been comfortably pitched (by an old soldier of the 27th, long used to the colony,) with its back to the wind; we were thus screened from that, and could not well be inconvenienced by a shower.

Comparative quiet and much order now reigned in the camp. Every tent became more clearly defined as the evening advanced, and the sky formed a darker back-ground for the moon, the

* Do not trust to procuring anything on the road; such a chance is very uncertain. Milk, boiled with plenty of white sugar, will last, if bottled, for three days at least.

stars, and the refulgent comet. Round the fires were assembled groups of soldiers, women resting themselves, as they called it, poor creatures, with babies on their knees*,—Hottentots playing their rude violins, and merry voices joining in the chorus, led by neighbouring singers. Sounds of mirth issued from the tents of others; and the steam of savoury soup gave evidence of the proximity of the mess-tent and the talents of "little Paddy Farrell,"—the incomparable cook. Dinner there was always late, the officers never sitting down to solace themselves with good cheer till their men had been well cared for, and their different positions established for the night. Now and then the brazen tongue of a bugle intruded its call upon the stillness of the hour, and helped to disperse the groups gathered round the fire for a time, till the duty to which it had summoned them being done, they either returned to the social circle they had left, or secured a corner in a tent "licensed to hold fifteen inside" to sleep in. Gradually, the voices of the singers became

* For them Government provides no accommodation: they must either subscribe towards hiring a waggon, or march with the men.

mute; the feeble cries of sleepy infants superseded the monotonous tones of the Hottentot fiddles. Snoring-"matches" seemed to be "got up," as it were, between sundry waggon-drivers and their neighbours, they having their mats spread under the waggons; the peals of laughter among the revellers became less frequent, and at length ceased altogether. The fires grew dim, and the moon and her companions in the sky alone lit up the scene; tents were closed, and the sound of the last bugle died away in the hushed night air, leaving all silent, peaceful, and at rest.

Although only fifteen miles from Port Elizabeth, I had been led to expect that I should hear the distant cry of the jackal, and the howl of the wolf; but, in spite of the bed being spread upon nothing but grass, in spite of the more than "whispers of the night breeze" which would be heard from under the flap of the tent, I never slept so soundly in my life.

I was up and dressed with my child, ready for the march, at half-past five. The scene of that morning, though of a different character, almost equalled in beauty the one we had so much admired on the

preceding evening. The regiment was drawn up on a natural parade of smooth green turf, bounded by bush, and the back-ground of the eastern hills was glowing at the approach of the sun, who, as he advanced in radiant majesty, tipped with gold the glittering arms and appointments of the soldiers, and shed an acceptable warmth upon us as we left the dewy grass, for the rough and stony mountain road before us. Up this hill the regiment wound, preceding the waggons,—now presenting a glittering cluster of arms, and now being altogether lost to the sight in the thick bush with which the ascent was clothed. A long line of nineteen waggons brought up the rear, and, as we proceeded, four hundred men in advance—women, children, and baggage, wending their way slowly and steadily after them, I could not but commune in my own mind on the ways of that inscrutable and unquestionable Providence, by the working of whose will, England, from her original state of ignorance, insignificance, and barbarism, is now the chief ruling power in the world, and sendeth her ships and her soldiers, (in defiance of what to other countries would perhaps be insurmountable obstacles, when we consider

the dangers and difficulties arising from climates and localities ill suited to European habits and constitutions,) "even to the uttermost parts of the earth."

This day, March 8, became dreadfully hot; towards noon, the sun had full sway. Not a cloud shaded the heavens; and, though the country we passed through was rich in bush, there were no shady trees, and water was extremely scarce.

The men being much fatigued with the previous day's march, it was determined to divide the next long march of thirty-two miles into two; and such an arrangement was not only merciful but necessary. As man after man fell by the roadside overpowered with the heat, foot-tired and faint for want of water, I could not but think what an advantageous thing it would be were a few bullocks allowed by the Government, and a large tank, or waggon filled with barrels of water, provided for the solace and refreshment of the soldier on his march, under a South African sun. Such an addition to the baggage cavalcade would not cost Government more than 1*l.* per day, and would be of essential service to the troops, besides being the means of shortening the march at least one

day. It would have made our's shorter by *two*, as, in consequence of dividing the second day's march, we reached Sly Kraal, (only twelve miles from Graham's Town,) on Saturday afternoon. The waggon-conductor would not suffer the waggons to proceed on Sunday, and we were detained in camp two nights and a day. About one hour before we halted on the second day, we came suddenly upon a pool of water, where a large herd of sheep and goats (the property of a neighbouring farmer,) were drinking. The men shouted aloud joyfully; and, rushing precipitately to the pool, put their lips to the element, (which, though to them most grateful, was muddy)—and drank copiously of the unwholesome draught. Several became ill after doing so; and, instead of being refreshed by it, were rendered less capable of proceeding than before. Fifteen stragglers fell out of one company, and were probably only induced to crawl after the battalion that evening by the dread of wild beasts. On reaching Sunday River, we learned that such a fear was not without foundation, as five lions had, within the last few days, been seen drinking at the river side. Most gladly did I find,

on reaching the "Outspan*," that a bed could be obtained at the Field-Cornet's house, close to the encampment: there, too, we obtained fresh butter, a leg of mutton, and some good English ale and porter, but rejoiced most in copious ablutions and clean bedding. My companions laughed much at my increased admiration of an encampment by moonlight that night, as I left it for a comfortable roof. "It certainly," said I, "is a very pretty sight *at a distance.*"

It were ill-advised here, to allude to the present state of affairs in the Colony. The disastrous loss of life, limbs, and money, at Natal, has been sufficiently commented on by able judges of the matter. It were little to my purpose to descant upon the inexpediency of marching troops up hill and down dale—the very people who dictate such movements from home are frequently unacquainted with the character or position of the localities through which they send soldiers: but, if men are to march in such a country, at least, they should be treated as well as felons and prisoners in England. I can never understand why soldiers, appointed

* Place of rest, where the oxen are unyoked, and turned out to graze.

to guard convicts on board ship, are allowed *less provisions* than the felons over whom they are placed, yet such is the case.

As I saw the men fall one after another for want of a little water, the providing which, had it been thought of, would probably have lessened the expenses of the march, I could not help calling to remembrance our beautiful and humane institutions at home, especially our penitentiaries and prisons, not forgetting the "courtesies" (so to speak) displayed towards those interesting objects of a great nation's sympathies and compassion—murderers and self-created madmen. Our philanthropy is proverbial throughout the civilized world; nay, we carry it so far, that though we resemble the monkey who stepped in between the adverse cats to settle the dispute concerning the piece of cheese, here the simile ends—the monkey, wiser than John Bull, swallowed the envied morsel, while we, in our fancied magnanimity, fling it down, and thus present the opportunity, to any one who may be disposed to quarrel, to fight for it over again*.

* America seems to take the wise part of profiting by our victories or disasters, as the case may be; interfering with no one,

Who can walk through the cleanly prisons of condemned felons, without justly admiring the philanthropy and liberality of enlightened England? Now it is really very kind and thoughtful of England to provide such a "variety of entertainments" for sight-seers. Foreigners going over our dock-yards, after being struck with the wonders of revolving *saws*, are full of admiration at the "modern *instances*" of our philanthropy, on seeing a bevy of hale, hearty, reckless-looking felons tenderly gathered together, like a flock of delicate young turkeys, under shelter of a goodly roof, which screens them from both wind and rain. The storms of heaven must not visit *them* too roughly, while the soldiers on fatigue proceed with *their* work as usual, and the officer going his "rounds" hardly thinks it necessary to don his cloak. Now no one would have the soldier marched from his work away from a casual shower; but why is the convict so petted? That a great deal of England's philanthropy proceeds from love of effect, is proved by the circumstance that no sooner have the convict and the soldier

and benefiting by our meddlesome disposition in her trade and connexion with other nations.

left the country, than all interest in them seems to cease. To get them "transported" as speedily and cheaply as possible, seems to be the great end and object of those who rule in such matters. The transport is hired by the day; the captain and the owner perfectly "understanding" one another, the former, therefore, taking care to take in studding-sails at sunset, mend sails at the time they are most wanted, or repair topmasts in light but steady breezes; meanwhile, it may be be added, that this last arrangement is a very safe one, inasmuch as few ropes, or spars, in troop-ships, or convict-vessels, are really seaworthy; in our vessel, the Abercrombie Robinson, two men were nearly killed by blocks tumbling on them, and the same thing occurred several times, owing to the ill condition of the ropes. It has already been shown how worthless were our anchor-chains. The hull of this vessel was a splendid specimen of ship-building, but, as in the old saying, "For want of a nail the shoe of King Richard's horse was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, &c.," so for want of a proper chain cable the hull and spars of the Abercrombie were lost, and the lives of 513 souls had nearly been sacrificed, also.

As for the officers' baggage, who cares about that? they will get remunerated for about one-fourth of their legal losses*; as for the soldiers, who cares about them, or for their wives and children? (a certain number of the former being permitted to each company to wash for the men.) They are never taken into consideration at all; the cambric pocket-handkerchief society has never admitted them to be legitimate objects of compassion: like the gypsies, I suppose, it is imagined that, "their own people" will assist them in their difficulties and misfortunes.

Would it not be a good plan to appoint men in whose office such vessels are insured to be the surveyors of them? for their own sakes, they would take care to ascertain they were perfectly fit for a voyage.

All this seems a digression, but it had reference, nevertheless, to the necessity of providing a few cheap comforts for men, at those times when they may be said to earn the little they are paid very dearly.

A draught of water to a suffering soldier will

* For so may be termed their beds, canteens, and regimentals.

seem, to those who know nothing of such hardships, a small matter for so many words, but I who have witnessed the miserable effects of the want of it speak feelingly from experience. In hurried or forced marches, such an indulgence could not be taken into consideration, but on a march for which deliberate preparation is made, the advantage of it is worth, at least, thinking about.

And now, where were we when we branched off from my route? Oh! we had halted near Sunday River, and had found shelter at Mr. Roll's, the Field-Cornet's, snug small house by the way-side.

We were up with the dawn next morning, and crossed the beautiful ford of the Sunday River, at sunrise. "Who would imagine," thought I, "that such a scene of peace and beauty should be one of the fastnesses for wild beasts?" Green boughs met each other across the stream. Down such a pleasant-looking river I had often glided in "merry England," singing, by the way, with young companions, to the gay music of our guitars, while the plash of oars kept time to the measure of our happy voices. There, in our own happy land, no lions prowled in our neighbourhood, no panthers could we fancy glaring on us from the

bush, no venomous reptiles awaited our feet as we stepped upon the green sod from the boat. A South African climate is beautiful all the year round, except when visited by terrific thunder-storms, with their usual accompaniments of hail, rain, and lightning. Ah! that word "except;"—"except" for our dark November days and painful frosts, England would be an unexceptionable residence; still, even with these outward discomforts, look at our firesides!

But why go dreaming back from the burning, shady Sunday River to the "stately homes of England!" On, on! and let us be thankful, that so far from home there is yet so much to be thankful for, and to enjoy. Oh! for the blessed philosophy which teaches us to make light of everything! Truly content *is* riches! In a moral point of view, may it not be considered as bearing an analogy to the story of the philosopher's stone, (always remembering the one to be theory, the other practicable,) which was supposed to possess the gift of transmuting what the possessor of it touched into gold?

On, then, through the river! The sun is up upon the hills; the troops are refreshed, the oxen will-

ing, the day balmy, and the road better than I expected. How the mimosa-bushes scent the air! and here and there some, taller than the others, fling down a pleasant shade, affording cool resting-places for the travellers.

"At night, we outspanned on the Quagga Flats, not so beautifully picturesque as the spots we had hitherto selected, but still pretty well wooded and watered. Here, for the first time, owing to the rain, which began to fall in torrents, we slept in the waggon,—an arrangement I did not at all like; its narrow and close shape gives to an excitable mind the idea of the German story of the "Iron Shroud." I was awakened in the middle of the night, by the lowing of the cattle and the rattle of the horse's halter, by which he was fixed to the wheel. We soon found that the restlessness thus manifested by the poor animals arose from the noise of neighbouring wolves, which are always more likely to approach the dwellings of man in wet than in favourable weather. The rain poured in torrents, the violence of which can only be understood by those who have experienced it. Fortunately, the morning proved tolerably fine, and we proceeded, in the usual order,

through the Addo bush, the scenery decreasing in beauty as we advanced, but still affording a tolerable supply of wood and water at the spots where we outspanned. I had read and heard much of steenboks, and other noble game, but we saw nothing of the kind, not even a monkey; nor did we even hear the laugh of the hyena at night. Others said they had done so; but we did not.

Among some of the most remarkable things we observed were the ant-hills, that were scattered all over the face of the country through which we passed. On a green plain they reminded us of hay-cocks in England, being about that size. Their similarity in shape to the huts built by the Fingoes, Kaffirs, and, indeed, almost all savage nations, is not the least curious feature in their appearance. I had imagined that the ants themselves were the only architects of these ingenious buildings, but I was told by the Hottentot drivers that they take possession of a hole which has been forsaken by the mole (which, indeed, they sometimes attack and hunt out of its domicile,) and thus obtain a foundation, on which to begin the upperworks of their establishment.

In consequence of the second day's march

having been divided into two, we did not reach Sly Kraal (twelve miles from Graham's Town) till Saturday. Ere we did reach it, however, we were overtaken by the most terrific thunder-storm I had ever witnessed, save on the night of our memorable wreck in Table Bay. Those who have never witnessed one can have no idea of such storms as those to be met with in South Africa. All the artillery of heaven seems opening at once, while floods of light struggle for mastery with torrents of rain and hailstones. The knowledge that such storms are often attended with danger, makes their approach more awful. The place where we were overtaken by the one to which I allude was a barren spot, only varied by rocky eminences here and there, and scattered over with loose stones and pieces of rock. The horizon was bounded by vast mountains, the tops of which were vividly illuminated by the continued blaze of the lightning. The ground soon became so slippery that it was considered almost unsafe to proceed; men and officers were drenched to the skin, and there, in the height of the storm, we, poor helpless crowd, were obliged to await its progress and abatement. The waggon-conductor, Pullen,

(a most amusing character, as well as a useful and obliging man,) was as much to be pitied as any one, since many, who would not listen to reason, were annoyed with the detention, and were very much inclined to quarrel with him for it. As for me, I could hardly bear to see the little flasks of brandy handed about among the few to whom it could be distributed, while the weary, thirsty, shivering soldiers stood by, looking on. The violence of the hail and rain decreased at last, and we essayed proceeding, but had not gone far before we were obliged to descend from our vehicles, as one of the passes had become dangerous, from the softness of the earth in consequence of the rain. Well may it be said,

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*"

Many who might have caught cold in moving from one room to another less heated, awaited the passing of the waggons up to their insteps in water, and went on their journey with damp feet,

* There was much discussion a year or two ago as to the author of this line. Is there any doubt of its being Sterne's? True it is placed in italics in his works; but so are almost all his impressive passages.

and with rain-drops pattering through the tops of the waggons.

Wet, weary, and hungry, we reached Sly Kraal at last. Here we were to rest till Monday. As I have before observed, had a waggon, or tank, with water, been permitted to accompany the troops on the march, it would have been shortened by two days.

The kindness of Providence is manifested in providing the South African traveller with wood that is not the less capable of ignition from being wet. Our tents, saturated as they were, were soon pitched; but we were again obliged to sleep in the waggon, which we did most soundly, after a welcome meal of carbonatje*, brown bread, and warm negus. The sun burst into the waggon in all his glory the next morning, and, although within so short a distance of Graham's Town I cannot but admit that I was glad of one day's rest before my *entrée* into the capital of the frontier. We had, indeed, been so thoroughly knocked up that, though refreshed by sleep, the having time for ablutions and the selection of clean linen, was

* Meat toasted on a wooden prong before the fire, or broiled on the ashes.

a great treat on such a journey. The Sabbath of the 12th of March was thus passed in camp. The ground we had taken up reminded me of the grouse moors in Scotland, and in the wildest parts of Yorkshire, and we were told there was abundance of game about; at dinner, indeed, we were regaled with some hare-soup, sent to us from the mess-tent. As we approached the end of our journey, I could not but acknowledge how much better we had got through it than I had anticipated; and, accustomed to judge of things by comparison, to seek content, in fact, by measuring my own case with that of those who are worse off, rather than those who have more apparent luxuries than myself, I felt thankful, in spite of the anxiety and fatigue I had encountered, for all the benefits bestowed on us; and, while I pondered gratefully, as I rested on cushions spread on a mat within the shadow of the tent, I learned that a poor woman had been confined the evening before, just as the waggons came to their resting-places. I went to visit her immediately, though the sight would have been enough to make one weep, had it not been for the cheerful voice of the poor soldier's wife herself. She sat up in the

waggon with her husband's cloak and a blanket under her for a bed, a small red handkerchief round her neck, her new-born infant in her arms, and three other children gathered round her. But, oh! the kind voices and ready hands which helped and cheered her! and, instead of repining at her fatigue and trouble, she looked up at the sky, and observed, "it was a blessed gladsome day." I left her, satisfied that that wretched vehicle contained lighter hearts than many a darkened room, whose closed shutters and costly draperies shut out the noise of the uncaring world, and the glare of a too saucy sun from the heirs of vast possessions.

On Monday, at six o'clock, we started on the last day's march, and reached the hill above Graham's Town, a little before nine A.M. Here we were met by crowds of Hottentot women; some of them young, rather pretty, and decidedly graceful. They came bounding on to meet the drums and fifes, and with their red-handkerchief head-dresses, gay-coloured clothes, and glittering ornaments, formed a picturesque group, as they danced on in front of the battalion, to the great entertainment of the soldiers. At the very

top of the hill, the band of the Cape Mounted Rifles awaited our approach; their appearance, in their plumed shakos and scarlet trousers, being very showy. A little further on, we were met by the band of the 91st (attached to the first battalion), and that of the 75th; and in this gay order we entered Graham's Town, the bands relieving each other, and playing the liveliest airs. Here, a Hottentot woman tossed her arms aloft, and spun round to the tune of "Nix my dolly, pals," there, a driver snapped his fingers to "Rory O'More." These two tunes, and the "Sprig of shillelah," seemed their especial favourites; and, if the dancers did not move with the stateliness of Taglioni, or the airy grace of Cerito, they certainly rivalled them in the activity of their limbs and the steadiness of their heads; for they whirled round and round, like the Deryishes in the Arabian Nights. The sun illuminated the town, lying within its sheltering circle of hill and mountain, the rabble shouted welcome, and all looked glad as they approached their destination (although only a temporary one for some of us), and the well-spread breakfast-table, and cleanly appearance of the apartments provided, truly gave promise of "ease in mine inn."

Graham's Town is not worth describing. The only accommodation for the troops is very inferior, and there are so few quarters for the officers that most of them are obliged to hire houses of a wretched description, the rent of which always exceeds the allowance made by Government. This town was founded in 1817, by Colonel Graham, the first person who held the appointment of Commandant of Kaffraria, which is now superseded by the office of Lieutenant-Governor. It is a great straggling place, irregularly built, and in a dirty and disorderly state.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BIBLE IN KAFFIRLAND — THE SLAVE NATIONS — FINGO MELODIES—A CONVERT—KAFFIR INGENUITY—TRUMPETER'S DRIFT—MISARRANGEMENTS—SIR BENJAMIN D'URBAN—THE GUARDS IN AFRICA—THE GIRDLE OF FAMINE—CHARACTER OF THE KAFFIR—HIS IDEAS OF RELIGION—ACUTENESS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN SAVAGE—MUSIC IN THE BUSH—KAFFIR LITERATURE, AND MANUFACTURES.

We left Graham's Town for Fort Peddie, on the 22nd of March, 1843, and had much difficulty in procuring a waggon, that allowed by the Commissariat being half the size of the one we obtained at Port Elizabeth. Just as we were about to start, we were ordered to halt and await further orders; and then I had to listen to a variety of reports. Some said another regiment had arrived at Cape Town, and we were to proceed to Natal,

others whispered something about the Isle of France. At all events, important despatches had reached Graham's Town from the seat of Government. So, there was I, in my waggon hired and packed for Fort Peddie, the troops under arms, the Commissariat preparations made for the march, the tents struck, &c., and a probability of all these arrangements being upset. At last, a mounted orderly arrived, full of important haste, and breathless, as becomes a herald of South African counter-orders. The detachment was to be detained—for an hour—I forget what for, something about a few extra men, or arms; some trifling matter which had little to do with the move, and which would have been settled at the proper time if the seat of Government had been on the spot, or if the Lieutenant-Governor were allowed to act without reference to an authority six hundred miles from the metropolis of the frontier, whence all orders relative to the daily occurrences that call for prompt and decisive measures, ought to emanate.

We were thus delayed till the afternoon, when we proceeded as far as we could, and pitched our tents on the top of one of many hills, between

which the wind came rushing in gusts which threatened to withdraw our shelter from over our heads. My child I screened a little from the chilling wind, by placing a saddle in an angle at her head—a novel addition to the couch of a young lady.

Our road next day lay through a pleasant country, where the grass was green, and the mimosas bright with their golden clusters of flowers. At the spots where we out-spanned, a waggon, driven by Fingoes, had halted: it was drawn close up to a bush, and the party in charge of it, consisting of two men, three women, and their children, were seated in the shade. To our surprise, we observed that one man was reading aloud to the party; and, anxious to hear the language, which is peculiarly soft and liquid, we walked up to the group. Our surprise was increased when we found that the book occupying their attention was the Bible, translated into the Kaffir language, which, by the way, scarcely differs from the Fingo. The sight of this dusky group so employed, had a strange effect, and the flowing ease and beauty of the language in which the Word of God was explained to the attentive

listeners, increased the interest we felt in the scene. None of them could speak English; but the reader, pointing to the book, uttered the single word "Good" impressively. It is singular enough that Barrow and other travellers do not allude to the race of Fingoes; this oversight is probably owing to their having been, till of late years, the slaves of the Kaffirs*. The following account of them I have gathered from a work compiled by the editor of the "Graham's Town Journal," and published in 1836:—

"It appears that the term 'Fingo,' is not their national appellation, but a reproachful epithet denoting extreme poverty or misery,—a person having no claim to justice, mercy, or even life. They are the remnants of eight powerful nations, which have been destroyed or driven out of their country by the destructive wars carried on amongst the natives of the interior. Five of these nations were destroyed by the cruel Matawana, and the rest by the notorious Zoola Chief, Chaka, or some of the tribes tributary to them. The names of these nations were—

1. The Amalubi,—signifying a people who tear and pull off.

* The term "Kaffir," is by no means recognised by the Kaffirs themselves. It was bestowed on them by the Portuguese. The word is from the Arabic, and signifies "Infidel."

2. The Amazizi,—a people who bring. About twenty years ago, they, as a powerful nation, inhabited the country on the north-east of Natal.
3. The Amabile,—people of mercy.
4. The Amazabizembi,—axe-venders.
5. The Abasækunene,—right-hand people.
6. The Amantozakive,—people whose things are their own.
7. The Amarelidwani,—(no definite meaning.)
8. Abashwawo,—revilers or reproachers.

"These nations being broken up and dispersed, many of those who escaped fled westward, and thus came into collision with the Amakosa Kaffirs, but principally with the tribes of the late Hintza, whose death is graphically described by Sir James Alexander, 14th Regiment, in his account of the last Kaffir irruption, in 1834 and 1835. They became slaves, herds, 'hewers of wood, and drawers of water,' as well as tillers of the ground. They were oppressed in every way; when by industry they had gathered together a few head of cattle, they were either forcibly taken away from them, or, being accused of witchcraft, their property was confiscated. In short, their lives and property were held on the same precarious tenure, the mere will of their capricious, cruel, and avaricious task-masters.

"This state of bondage at last became utterly intolerable, and its victims only looked for an opportunity to throw off the yoke. Their attention had

been anxiously turned towards the colony, and communications had been made to the frontier authorities long before the irruption in 1834, urgently praying for an asylum within our boundary; but this application was kept a profound secret, from a conviction that were their intentions known to the Kaffirs the indiscriminate massacre of the poor Fingoes would be the consequence."

The war, of which many histories are given, delivered these poor creatures from their bondage, and they are now a happy people, with their own independent possessions of cattle, &c. Sir James Alexander supplies an interesting description of their deliverance from captivity.

They are a fine muscular race, bearing a great resemblance to the Kaffirs, yet easily distinguishable from them: unlike the Kaffirs, they are a cheerful race. The moonlight nights seem their seasons of festivity; and their wild chant, now rising loud and shrill from the huts opposite Fort Peddie, and now falling into a low muttered chorus, now led by a single voice, and again sinking into indistinctness, has a singular effect on civilized ears, not the less extraordinary from its being sometimes united with a running accompaniment of wolves howling about the cattle-

kraals, and dogs yelling after them. At such times, the wild chorus generally ceases, lights are carried to and fro in the kraal*, or hamlet, and there is a sound of a hunt, such as one might fancy would be ably illustrated by Retzsch's wondrous pencil. After successive shouts from the Fingoes, and yells from the dogs, the yelp of the wolf is heard further off, and changes to a smothered whine, till is ceases altogether. The dogs continue barking for some time, the torches are extinguished, and, as all again becomes quiet, the strange chant recommences. Sometimes the noise of clapping of hands, resembling, from the distance at which it is heard, the sound of the tom-tom, or rude drum, may be distinguished, marking time probably to the steps of the untiring dancers, for their revelry generally lasts till morning's dawn.

Neither Fingoes nor Kaffirs seem to take much note of time: they sing and dance when they are merry, sleep when fatigued, eat and drink when hungry and thirsty. Days, weeks, months, and years pass by unnoticed, and uncounted. If in

* The word "kraal" applies either to the group of huts forming a village, to a single hut, or the fold for the cattle.

want of comforts which must be purchased, they work to earn money. If well provided, they will do nothing. In cold weather, they will not leave their huts even to milk their cows.

One of the most interesting anecdotes I have heard, was told me the other day, relative to a Fingoman, and tallies well with the scene I have alluded to of the group reading the Bible under the shade of the mimosa-bush. A poor Fingo had made several applications, from Graham's Town, to a missionary nearly fifty miles off, for a Bible; but for some time there had not been a sufficient number printed to meet the devout wishes of those "who would become Christians." Two years elapsed from the time this man first asked for his Bible. At last, one day, he suddenly appeared at the station, and asked the missionary for one. The latter replied, that he was afraid he yet had none to spare; "but," said he to the Fingo, "if you will do what business you may have on hand in the neighbourhood, and come to me before you leave it, I will endeavour to procure you one, if such a thing is to be had;" but the poor traveller surprised the missionary when he said he had no business to transact there, save the

one thing which had brought him so far. He had come all the way from Graham's Town, on foot, for the Bible: he would wait till one was found, or even printed for him! So the missionary was constrained to seek for one immediately, which he succeeded in obtaining; and the Fingo then offering half-a-crown, (the price of the book being eighteen-pence,) the missionary offered the shilling in change, but the traveller waited not. With the precious book it had cost him such toil to obtain, in one hand, and his knob-kiurrie* in the other, away he trudged, light of foot, and certainly light of heart. He evidently considered his prize as more to be "desired than gold, yea than fine gold." Such instances of sincere conversion are very rare.

We were detained at Trumpeter's Drift for two days, owing to the swollen state of the river. When we crossed it, we sent the waggon before us, ere we took our seats in the ferry-boats, as it is not an unusual thing to be wrecked in the Great Fish River, although seated in a ponderous waggon drawn by fourteen oxen.. The following

* A stick with a knob at the end of it, used by the Kaffirs and Fingoes, as the Irish use their shilellaghs; in fact, a war-club.

ingenious mode of crossing a river, was once displayed by a Kaffir who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to struggle across the stream at a time when to ford it was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sardonic expression remarkable among these savages, he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head, and then walked, with perfect ease, through the torrent to the opposite side.

Another instance of Kaffir ingenuity has been related to me. A missionary and his family were travelling in severely cold weather; now and then, they lighted fires, warmed themselves, and then went on. The Kaffir drivers snatched brands from the fires, running on in advance, setting fire to the bushes on the road-side, returning to the waggons, again advancing, and so on, till they left a long line of fiery bushes in the track they had passed over.

One of our waggons stuck in the mud on its way; the drivers shouted, the dogs barked, the oxen struggled, but all in vain, till the soldiers lent their assistance. The Government allowance of six pounds a year, called "barrel-bulk," goes

but a little way in replacing losses suffered in transporting baggage over the terrific roads and uncertain streams of Southern Africa.

It is said that Trumpeter's Drift is so called from a trumpeter of the 21st Light Dragoons having been lost in the river one dark night. It is a small post about twenty-two miles from Graham's Town. The little barrack for the soldiers and the officer commanding, faces inwards upon a quadrangle, and makes but a dull abode, the windows looking into the little square, and the air being admitted through loop-holes in the outward walls. This gives the quarters a dreary appearance; but, in a land of savages determined to annoy us whenever they dare, and in whom no faith should be placed, prevention is better than cure. Indeed, it is a pity that this wise old proverb has not met with proper attention in this colony hitherto.

The road from Trumpeter's Drift to Fort Peddie is execrable. There is much said about making a new one, but sad delays are occasioned by the distance of the seat of Government at Cape Town from those localities where all the work connected with our part of the colony is

going on. Every official document must be sent to Cape Town for signature, reply, or approval. All this, besides being most inconvenient, adds enormously to the expenses of the colony, which would be much lessened if the Governor resided at Uitenhage (eighteen miles from Port Elizabeth) or Graham's Town, or if the Lieutenant-Governor were endowed with power to act on his own judgment as immediate circumstances might require. As long, however, as the heads of departments are kept at Cape Town, these additional expenses must be incurred. To give an idea of them, in general, I need only mention that it costs sixteen shillings' postage at Fort Peddie before the signature of the principal medical officer at Cape Town can be obtained to an official document; and yet compare the few troops necessary at Cape Town with the number required to garrison Graham's Town and its dependent outposts. I have so great a dislike, as a woman, to touch on what ought to be done anywhere, that I feel a great reluctance to speak of public matters connected with this colony; but I have always found, that a statement of facts, from which my readers may draw their own inferences, has more weight

than an individual opinion, however firm the basis may be on which such opinion may be founded. Much mischief has ensued from the misrepresentation of affairs here by interested persons; at such a distance, it may be said, how are people to distinguish truth from fiction? A Governor at the Cape of Good Hope should be empowered to act (where the good of the Colony demands it) according to immediate circumstances, and not have his hands tied till long-expected ships come in with despatches when the mischief is done. Wherever you go, from Cape Town to the neutral territory*, every one concurs in saying that, had Sir Benjamin D'Urban's measures been carried out, all would have gone on well. He would have completed such arrangements as would have made the Boers our friends, instead of our enemies; and, if the seat of Government had not been removed to Uitenhage, as he wisely proposed it should be, he would have empowered the Lieutenant-Governor to act on emergencies without a dawdling reference to him at Cape Town.

* Fort Peddie, though on the Kaffir side of the Great Fish River, is considered as neutral territory, and the post has been there established for the protection of the Fingoes.

The removal of the seat of Government is objected to on the score of expenditure. At the first start, the outlay would be considerable, but look at the continued petty expenses and inconveniences arising from the idle head-quarters of the active part of the army, being 600 miles from the centre of the working-circle. Either the seat of Government ought to be removed, or the Lieutenant-Governor at Graham's Town must be made Commander-in-chief of the forces on the frontier. No house can be well regulated with two masters under the same roof. How much then must it be divided against itself, when he who has the principal command of its affairs, has never seen it but twice, and knows nothing true of the details connected with it. The foundation of the house—to carry on the simile—may give way, and the second in command (the resident) would repair it; but no, he must refer it to the head of the house, who cannot hear or reply to his communication under three weeks. Alas! by the time the reply comes back, much money has been spent among workmen for patching it up. The patching fails for want of unanimity and materials, and the whole structure must be taken to pieces, or more probably tumbles down of itself.

Settlers, Boers, Kaffirs, and Fingoes, would have been benefited by Sir Benjamin's measures. To this day the chiefs of the tribes often ask if there is any chance of his being Governor? Settlers, despairing of his re-appointment, declare that if some redress is not made them for their grievances, they must take vengeance into their own hands, and the poorest shopkeepers talk of illuminations for three days, in the event of Sir Benjamin becoming Governor. All parties would joyfully hail him, and, as a General, troops must esteem themselves fortunate under such gentle but consistent command. But, if Cape Town must be the seat of Government, why not have a Civil Governor there, as in other colonies? Bring the Governor to Graham's Town, or make the Lieutenant-Governor, as I have said, Commander-in-chief, and bring the heads of departments to Graham's Town. Such arrangements must, eventually, benefit the colony, as regards not only its government, but its comforts and expenses. Algoa Bay presents less difficulties in landing troops than Table Bay, besides being safer in the winter months, and the distance would hardly add five days to the length of the voyage. The castle

barracks at Cape Town, and the main barracks, would be eligible for such troops as it would be necessary to keep there; and, when all the staff, artillery, and engineers, are lodged, there would only be just room for a battalion of the line, and the squadron of the Cape Mounted Riflemen always on duty about the Governor.

One thing is certain, that the referring of every official document to Cape Town is a great mistake in diplomacy. The Queen and her ministers might as well live at Hanover while Parliament sits, leaving delegates, who have no more power than the picture of her majesty, swinging as a sign over an inn-door. All these things are little considered in England, because not experienced, and no one takes the trouble to examine into the "why and because" of the little items which make the grand sum, added to the expenses here in consequence of the seat of Government being at such a distance from the work. As the arrangements for the government now stand, nothing satisfactory can ever accrue from them.

By the arrival of the 45th and the 7th Dragoon Guards it will be found, that an efficient force

(on the plan of prevention being better than cure) will keep all dependents in better subjection. I should have said proper subjection, had Light Cavalry been sent out or the Cape Corps augmented; but, though Dragoon Guards are very fine fellows "in their way," they are not the men for this country, or its warriors. The Hottentot soldier, with his green jacket and clay coloured trowsers, his keen eye, quiet patience, and tolerable knowledge of the Kaffir language, is the man to meet an enemy who fires from behind a bush, and keeps the soldier dodging him and his locality for days. The tall upright Dragoon, in his red jacket, will be a capital mark for the Kaffir's assegai, or musket, or the long roer of the Boer; and, when he is got rid of, what a prize the horse that carries nineteen stone will be! Then the Dragoon, on his arrival, must be taught frontier geography concerning kloofs, valleys, flays, short cuts, friendly or hostile kraals, &c. &c.; and he must be suitably mounted. I can fancy a Dragoon Guardsman eyeing his Cape charger for the first time! And how will he bluster at his Hottentot guide, who would laugh in his face if he dare turn six feet into ridicule! But the Hot-

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tentot will smile quietly when there is neither food nor water, and draw his girdle of famine* tighter round his waist, and travel on under the sun (which overpowers the heavily-accoutred Dragoon) uncomplainingly. A great deal of mischief has been done by the authorities in the Colony holding out threats against the disaffected which are never carried into effect. Still more mischief has been done by mis-statements to the Government at home. To show the impositions practised on people in England respecting the Cape, I need only mention, that a Port Elizabeth newspaper appeared at certain intervals in London some years ago, purporting to have been published at Port Elizabeth, containing many advertisements inserted as if by respectable tradespeople, and giving a glowing description of advantages to be derived by emigrating thither, and by the purchase of extensive sheep farms. It was at last discovered that this Port Elizabeth newspaper was printed in London; that the names heading the

* Fingoes, Kaffirs, and Hottentots, make use of a band, or handkerchief, drawn tightly round the body, to deaden the pain of hunger; as the gnawing agony of famine increases, the ligature is tightened accordingly.

advertisements were as fictitious as the advertisements were unmeaning, and that the exhortations to emigrate emanated from some unprincipled people who had an interested motive in misleading the credulous!

It is a pity that statesmen, before they issue their approvals or reprovals, should not make themselves at least as much acquainted as circumstances will permit with both sides of the question. Many futile remarks have been made on the late Kaffir war, from a total ignorance of the people against whom our troops were opposed, and hence arose an opinion that the war was carried on with unnecessary severity, which tended to bring the colonial cause into disrepute, and to create a false sympathy for the Kaffirs. A certain noble lord got sadly puzzled about an official notice of Colonel Smith's, which stated the number of cattle, goats, &c. captured, and huts burnt by his troops while engaged in scouring the country this side the Kei. His lordship fancied, perhaps, that, as the Kaffirs fired on the troops singly, each behind his bush, and thus offered no organized opposition, they did not deserve to be punished, even as it would be necessary to punish

a more generous enemy who made an attack in close column.

So little was really known of this colony in 1832, that a popular English writer informs his readers, in one of his multifarious epitomes, that "Algoa Bay is a trap for needy emigrants, and the few surviving British settlers are living in great distress*." During the Kaffir war, an English periodical informed the public that Port Elizabeth, on the Great Fish River, had been captured by the Kaffirs.

Port Elizabeth is about 500 miles from Cape Town, and is a thriving place; it first reared its head about twenty years ago, and has made a great stride in the last two or three years, owing to the increase in the number of ships touching there. Great inconvenience arises from the want of servants. It is a pity the Emigration Society do not send thither this class of people. Though many works have been written on the Colony, referring generally to its inhabitants, whether aborigines or settlers, it is astonishing how little is really known of them in a domestic state,

* The settlement at Algoa Bay was in a particularly prosperous condition in 1832.

so to speak. A closer knowledge of their character would lead us to treat with them differently to what we do now. A Kaffir, though a savage, is a keen lawyer, and a narrow observer of human nature; and, from our system of threatening without putting our threats into execution, the Kaffirs have a great idea of their power and consequence in our eyes. The constant cry of "Bassila!" synonymous with "Give, give," with which the Kaffir, from the Chief to the herd, assails us, is no less a proof of his avarice than of his cunning. They have found us so easy to impose on, and so readily coaxed into giving, that they think us fair game. They by no means feel grateful,—for, from our constantly complying with their requests, they now begin to consider a gift from us as a right or tribute, and shrewdly determine on losing no opportunity of taking advantage of a people whom they heartily despise, for allowing themselves to be taken in. But the best samples of British gullibility are in the delicate pincushions and workbags sent out by some insane society as rewards for "good little Kaffirs," in the schools established for their instruction; and can only be equalled in folly by that of those

well-meaning gentlewomen who spent their valuable time on flannel waistcoats for the "dear little negroes on the coast of Guinea."

Our condescension in speaking kindly to them, and receiving the Chiefs in our houses, they do not appreciate. They would by no means treat each other with as little ceremony as they do us. The Chief, Pato, who is possessed of cattle amounting in value to twenty thousand pounds, when he has asked for wine and obtained it, inquires if there be no tobacco, or asks for sixpence to buy a present. During the war he was our greatest enemy, and now is only outwardly our friend from interested motives. There is good reason to suppose that several of the Chiefs would gladly have made another irruption some months ago, when the Boers became disaffected, and Graham's Town was, in consequence, thinned of the troops.

And these are the people whom we treat as if we expected they would keep faith with us! Our generosity they imagine springs from fear of their numbers; and our trusting them they consider as the height of folly. And well they may!

I hope we shall be allowed a little rest at Fort

Peddie; for the constant marching and countermarching, from head-quarters to detachment, and from detachment back again, is very harassing, to say nothing of the expense incurred by hiring waggons, and the destruction of such furniture and comforts as are indispensable to civilized people. The allowance of six pounds per annum would be fair enough if officers were not kept continually on the move; and, if stationary at any time, there is no certainty of their remaining so. Perhaps not the good of the Service,—for they are injurious to it,—but the good of the Colony, demands all this stir and agitation, though this has yet to be proved; but the rations and allowances are by no means equivalent to the privations and disagreeables which the military undergo in frontier service. The pay of a mere clerk of the works, in the engineer establishment, is superior to that of an Ensign, as are his quarters and allowances, to say nothing of those little niceties understood as perquisites. The clerk has no appearance to keep up, is not kept constantly on the move, has often better quarters than a Captain, and no casual expenses. How the Ensign manages to live on his pay is a mystery. By way

of affording opportunities of economizing, I have heard of Ensigns being sent to an outpost alone. What can be worse for the formation of a young soldier's character? A youth of sixteen despatched to a solitary outpost, without a single companion of his own grade!

At St. Helena, the rations and colonial allowances were liberal enough; but here it seems to me that money is frittered away to no purpose on some occasions, and spared where its expenditure is necessary on others. Officers are allowed rations for native servants; but it would be much better to add so much to their pay, to enable them to provide themselves with such servants (male or female, black or white,) as can be obtained. Officers, —particularly married ones,—are often denied the advantage of drawing a servant's ration, because they cannot obtain a male native servant of any description.

Much discomfort arises on the frontier from want of barracks, or even houses to hire. It is said Sir George Napier did not represent the necessity of building accommodation for the officers, as he thought they would prefer hiring private residences. The sentiment was just and thoughtful;

but in the first place there are few houses to be hired,—such as are to be let are in a dilapidated state, with thatched roof, no ceilings, and clay floors. Nothing can be obtained fit to live in under from two to four pounds a month, which is more than the lodging allowance, a Subaltern's being *six shillings a-week*, and a Captain's *eight!* No one will build good houses to let to people who are constantly on the move. By the way, the system of moving the troops from out-posts to head-quarters, and *vice versâ*, is an arrangement that has been made within the last five years.

How matters are to be arranged as soon as the dependence of Natal is fairly established in its relations to the British Government, is a question. It is a great pity that little boys, whose papas' positions lead them to anticipate a place in the Upper or Lower House, or a seat in either Cabinet, do not learn geography. Gentlemen, do take the map, and look where Cape Town lies, and where Natal; and pray let those who issue their various orders for the working of this great colonial machine bear in mind, that the proper place for the *axle* is the

centre of the wheel! In a word, some one in authority, vested in himself, without reference to Cape Town, must be placed either at Graham's Town, or Uitenhage.

And what interest can I have in stating what I do? Does not the thing speak for itself?

Fort Peddie, from a distance, reminds one of Cooper's descriptions of groups of buildings erected by settlers in the prairies of America. The Fingo huts scattered all round favour the delusion, especially at night, when dark figures stalk to and fro, dimly seen in the light of their fires, and the chant I have endeavoured to describe rises and falls on the air. Now, it was worthy of English philanthropy to rescue the Fingoes from their captivity, under their hard taskmasters, the Kaffirs; but their permitted idleness is abominable. It is true that on occasion they are able assistants to the government agents in rescuing stolen cattle; but for this they are amply rationed. The Missionaries are indefatigable in teaching them their catechism; but no attempt is made to fit the women for service. Idle they are, and idle they will be; and we foster their idleness by protecting them with troops, while they absolutely refuse to milk the cows, unless

they want money at the moment. All the miseries of the Colony arise from the mistaken philanthropy displayed towards the coloured inhabitants, who are as insolent as lazy. The whole system in the Colony, with regard to the black people, is bad. In Cape Town, by paying high wages, servants (insolent and lazy though they be) may be obtained among the Malays, who at least know their business; but, on the frontier, if you hire them and they rob you, you have no redress. You are told that by complaining to a magistrate you may get them sent to the house of correction, or tronck; but the Hottentots, Fingoes, and Kaffirs like nothing better, since they are then well fed, well clothed, and spend their mornings basking in the sun. Some are condemned to work; but the laws are so ill executed that this is seldom enforced. A treadmill is much wanted in Graham's Town,—for the natives' great defect being idleness, nothing would cause greater dismay than the prospect of a month's exercise of this description*.

* Since I commenced writing these sketches, Captain Montague, the new Colonial Secretary, has arrived, and already animadverts strongly on the mode in which the convicts are employed, and the laws neglected.

As Fort Peddie is on the eastern side of the Great Fish River, which is frequently impassable from its swollen state, we are often without the comforts of butter, rice, flour, wine, &c. The mutton is indifferent, being of the Cape breed, and the beef execrable. The bread is of the coarsest description. Poultry may be obtained, when the Fingoes will take the trouble to catch their fowls and sell them.

Since the Kaffir war, a tower has been built here, on the top of which is a 6-pounder. An excellent barrack has been built for the Cape Corps, and another for the troops of the line, but as yet no officers' quarter. The houses which are scattered about the plain on which the fortifications stand, (for, besides the barracks, there is another temporary fortress thrown up from the earth, and protected by a ditch,) give a picturesque air to the spot, and the thatched cottages and white chimneys rising above the few trees which have thriven round them, make a tolerable picture to look at, however little comfort there is to be found within them. The climate is certainly good, especially in the winter, which reminds one of our English autumnal days. The hot winds occasionally prevailing in

the summer, when the thermometer is at 120°, are most unpleasant; but the house may be kept cool by closing and darkening doors and windows. These winds never last many days. I must not omit to mention our simple barometer, which saves us the trouble of carrying one about. Thus, take a bottle with a wide neck,—a large anchovy-bottle, for instance,—and fill it nearly up to the neck with water; into this insert an inverted empty salad-flask, or bottle of such description, and in the neck of the flask place a loose piece of cork, of a size that will admit of its free movement up and down. The falling of the cork indicates the approach of wet or windy weather, while the rising of it foretels it will be fair. Mention is made of such a barometer in some old Dutch manuscript lately brought under observation at the Cape.

There are some missionary stations within a ride of Fort Peddie,—one of them, D'Urban, being scarcely a mile from the post. I rode over there the other day, to see a Fingo congregation. Among them, indeed, were some Kaffirs; in fact, it was composed of many shades of colour, the pale-faced Englishman, the dingy children of fair-haired mothers and dusky fathers, the sallow, stunted

Hottentot, the merry-eyed Fingo, and the more dignified Kaffir. On our approach to the building, we distinguished a loud monotonous voice holding forth in the Kaffir language, without the smallest attention to intonation, or emphasis. This was the interpreter. In the missionary's absence, an assistant preached in Dutch, which was translated, sentence by sentence, into Kaffir. The unconcerned air of the interpreter, and his reckless bawl, were much at variance with the wrapt air of attention bestowed on the exhortations by the congregation. Some of the Kaffirs and Fingoes were well dressed, in homely costume, indeed, but clean and neat, consisting of moleskin or fustian jackets and trousers, felt hats, like those worn by English waggoners, and strong shoes. Others reclined on the floor, with their blankets, or karosses, draped round them, and ornamented with strings of beads, whose gaudy colours contrasted finely with their dark skins. Another day, I witnessed the baptism of fourteen Fingoes. Both men and women seemed to feel the solemnity of their position, the women particularly evinced extraordinary emotion. Some were unable to restrain their sobs, and one aged being affected me much by the manner in which

she sought to subdue her feelings, wiping the tears quietly away as they followed each other down her dark cheek. All were decently clothed, and particularly intelligent in their appearance.

At the close of the service, the missionary permits any of his congregation to ask questions concerning such sacred matters as they may at first find difficult to understand. Some of their arguments evince a singular disposition to subtle reasoning, and prove how arduous a task is undertaken by those who endeavour to convert these poor savages to Christianity. One day, after the missionary had dwelt on the misery arising from sin, and had expatiated on the natural proneness of man to vice rather than virtue, and on the dreadful consequences of disobedience manifested in the fall of our first parents, and its terrible results, ameliorated only by the hope of Heaven through the merits of a Redeemer, in whose power to save and mediate we alone can trust, a Kaffir, who had given his whole attention to the discussion, begged leave to ask a few questions. It was granted, and he began.

"You tell us," said he, in the measured and gentle tone peculiar to his language, "that all the

world is wicked—dreadfully wicked; that man is condemned to punishment, except he be redeemed by faith. You tell us that every one is wrong, and God alone is right?"

"Certainly," replied the missionary; "except we believe in and obey God, we cannot be saved."

"And you are sure," continued the Kaffir, "that man is very wicked, and God alone is good!"

"Quite sure," replied the missionary.

"And there have been thousands—millions of men, and many, many countries far away and beyond the waters," pursued the savage, "full of sin, who cannot be saved, except they love and fear God, and believe in Him and in all these mysteries which none of us can understand, and which you yourself even cannot clearly explain?"

"It is but too true," said the missionary.

"And there is but one God?" pursued the Kaffir, in a tone of inquiry.

"But one God," was the solemn answer.

The savage pondered some minutes, and then observed—"What proof have you that God is right, and men are wrong? Has no one ever doubted that One being wise and the other being

weak and sinful? How strange that the word of your One God should be allowed to weigh against the will and inclination of the whole world! Your cause is hardly a good one, when hundreds and millions are opposed in deed and opinion to One! I must consider your arguments on Christianity well before I decide on adopting your creed."

Another remark of one of these natural logicians equally illustrates their determination not to be persuaded to anything without having their own reasons for it. Wherever their inclination leads them, they possess such an art of defending themselves as would be an invaluable addition to the talents of a special pleader in a criminal court. One Kaffir who had become a Christian, at least apparently so (for I doubt the decided conversion of any, except the Chief, Kama)—was striving, for reasons of his own, to bring others to the creed he had adopted. After much argument, one, who grew tired of it, closed it by observing that "since such punishments were in reserve for those who neglected the laws of the Master whom they engaged to serve, he preferred enjoying the world as much as he could while

living, rather than becoming a subject of one whose laws were irksome, and whose punishments were so terrible."

"This art of reasoning, however it may lead them into discussions as full of sophistry as ingenuity, may be the means of converting some of them to Christianity. It makes them keen listeners; and, since the Word of God is so plain, that "he who runs may read," may not these poor people be persuaded to that which must teach them that wisdom and power, and mercy, and unbounded benevolence, are the attributes of that God whom they are invited to worship? Sometimes, I hope this, and then some proof of Kaffir treachery makes me wonder how I can ever form such a hope.

I should say, with Fingoes, Kaffirs, and Hottentots, persuasion and quiet reasoning would work the will of God before all the threats relative to that dreadful world where sinners are described as in everlasting torment. This is hardly the place for such discussion, but I cannot help saying, that I think the creed of many who profess to explain the Word of God, a fearful one: instead of holding up our beneficent Creator

as a Being worthy to be served for love, they dwell too much on the punishment of sin, rather than on the reward of virtue. It is by some deemed wiser to frighten the ignorant into serving God, than to lead them by gentle means to love Him, to honour and to put their whole trust in Him. What a mistake! I have often pondered on the difference (if I may so express it) of the two sources of religion—the one proceeding from fear of our great spiritual enemy (and which after all is a fallacious kind of worship)—and the other from love of the Almighty!

Tell the savage that God is infinitely wise and powerful, and good to those who serve Him, and he will at least listen further; by which means much may be done. Talk to him of a dreadful place of punishment, he will turn his back on you, and refuse to enlist under the banners of those whose chief arguments are based on such threats. Begin with reference to God as merciful, as well as just, and the savage will soon acknowledge the necessity of punishment for evil deeds in an equal degree with rewards for virtue. It is right he should know that eternal suffering awaits the sinner, but, before he is thus threat-

ened, teach him "the beauty of holiness," and "praise God as one worthy to be praised."

There seems little doubt that Barrow's idea of the origin of the Kaffir tribes in this country is a just one. He imagines them to have been the descendants of those Arabs known by the name of Bedouin. "These people," says he, "penetrated into every part of Africa. Colonies of them have found their way into the islands of Southern Africa, where more difficulties would occur than in an overland journey to the Cape of Good Hope. By skirting the Red Sea, and turning to the southward, the great desert of sand, which divides Africa into two parts, would be avoided, and the passage lies over a country inhabited, as far as is known, in every part." The circumstance of their having short hair, would seem to militate against their Arabic origin; but their intermixture with the Hottentots and other nations along the coast may have produced this. Barrow adds, "Their skill in music is not above the level of the Hottentots."

The latter have a most perfect ear for music, and cannot resist dancing and chorussing to a tune that pleases them. I have never heard the

Kaffirs evince any disposition to sing, unless I except the monotonous drawl which the women utter for the men to dance to. Of the Fingo evensong, I shall have occasion to speak by and by.

It it already well known that the Bosjemen and Hottentots are the aborigines of the whole of this part of South Africa. As one great proof of this, we find the names of the rivers are in the Hottentot language, between which and the Kaffir there is no affinity. It may, by the bye, be observed, that the Bosjeman and Kaffir languages have one thing in common,—a singular click, varying in its sound according to the letter pronounced: thus, C, T, R, and Q, appear to be the letters uttered in clicks—T is uttered between the teeth, like *teh;* the R also resembles T in its pronunciation; Q is produced by a click nearer the front of the teeth than is requisite for the pronunciation of the C, which in its turn resembles the noise made in imitation of drawing a cork, and when two Kaffirs, Fingoes, or Bushmen, are conversing together on any subject that excites them to unusual rapidity of speech, or gesticulation, the effect is extraordinary.

I desire not to lengthen my work with long quotations from other writers, though to do so with that experience which a residence in the country must give, would be to compile a useful and entertaining chapter; but by here and there comparing what I see of these wild people with what I have read, much may be gathered together that will throw a light on matters connected with them in their present domestic state, if such a term may be applied to a people who are not yet tamed, and who, I doubt, never will be so. Like the lion, the tiger, the panther, and all the roaming tenants of the bush, the mountain, or the kloof, the Kaffir has become identified with the country to which he now belongs; and, though here and there one or two may be brought to understand the meaning of good principle, as a body, the Kaffirs will fulfil the destiny of their great progenitor, Ishmael, of whom it has been decreed by God, that his descendants shall "have their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them." Even though a Kaffir may be brought up among Christians from his youth, and accustomed to his dress by day, and his bed by night, in manhood he will most joyfully return

to his kraal, his kaross, and his mat. The daughter of Cobus Congo (Konky) is a striking instance of this. Educated in the house of an excellent missionary, taught the value of principle, Konky is now married to a chief who has many other wives; she wears the kaross, and rides an unsaddled horse, after the same fashion as her husband and his cortège. If, however, the missionaries fail generally in the one grand object of converting the Kaffirs and Fingoes to Christianity, many among them may be brought to some degree of civilization. Already those who have been prevailed upon to learn to read (the difficulty lies in getting them to learn at all,)—are diligent, and thirst for knowledge; as they progress in this, their communion with Europeans becomes more intimate, gradually they may acquire a wish to be clothed, and this may be of consequence to our manufactories. Already the English blanket, greased till it becomes the colour of ochre, begins to supersede the skin kaross; and the common brown coverlid is another favourite drapery of the Kaffir. A printing-press is established at D'Urban; and, besides the translation of the Bible, a periodical is published monthly, con-

taining articles suited to the taste, comprehension, and habits of the native.

I have imagined that if some profitable employment were set on foot among them, it would have a beneficial effect; but I understand that wool-combing was tried, which would have added to their cattle flocks of sheep, besides promoting habits of industry; but this failed,—their idleness is incorrigible. What a valuable exportation from this Colony would the article of wool have been, in exchange for commodities of British manufacture! As it is, the principal articles of our manufacture coveted by them are fire-arms. There is some ill-devised and worse-executed law for the prevention of the sale of these, but it is of small effect. Even assegais made in England have been sent out here, but the Kaffirs object to our manufacture of iron, as being too malleable, preferring that prepared at their own primitive forges. I have heard it remarked that the bellows they use in forging are proof of their having sprung from a race more skilled in the arts of civilization than themselves. Two pieces of hide are sown together in the form of a pointed bag; the wide part at top is stretched open by two

sticks; in the point at the bottom, also open, is inserted a bullock's horn, filed at the point, through which passes the air, which is admitted by opening and shutting the bellows at the wide end.

To enter upon a minute description of Kaffir habits, customs, ceremonials, and superstitions, would be to exceed my limits. But in my next chapter a few examples shall be adduced which have not fallen under the observation of persons merely travelling in the Colony, and not, like myself, resident in Kaffirland.

CHAPTER V.

KAFFIR NOTIONS OF GEOGRAPHY—SUPERSTITION—"EATING-UP" OF ENEMIES—MEDICINE, AND MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS—LEGERDEMAIN — RAIN-MAKING — DOMESTIC HABITS OF THE FINGOES — CATTLE-STEALING, AND THE TREATIES — THE KAFFIR A DESCENDANT OF ISHMAEL—ARAB CHARACTERISTICS IN KAFFRARIA—TRADITIONS OF THE CREATION—SANDILLA, THE KAFFIR CHIEF—KAMA, THE CHRISTIAN—ROYAL BLOOD IN TAMBOOKIE-LAND—COBUS CONGO—COLONEL HARE—CONFERENCE WITH CHIEFS, AT THE HEAD OF THE KAFFIR ARMY—THE KAFFIR UNTAMEABLE—THE BOERS.

THE Kaffirs have no idea of a future state, and many can hardly be taught to believe that there are countries beyond their own. Some have a crude idea that Europeans, particularly the English, live on the waters in ships. Even to their own chiefs, and people who have been in England,

they will give no credence. A Kaffir believes only what he sees. Latterly, they have become more inquisitive, and ask questions,—wondering "if the Queen of England is like other human beings!"

They are so exceedingly superstitious that the more cunning members of their community take advantage of a weakness common to all, but possessed in a greater degree by some than by others. The system of "eating-up," as it is called, arises from the prevalence of superstition, and may be thus described. A man, who, from his knowledge of herbs and practice among the sick, is considered and denominated a doctor, entertains, perhaps, a spite against some individual. He hears that another is sick,—if a Chief so much the better for his purpose,—or perhaps he may employ some nefarious means to injure the health of a man by whom he intends to be employed. The Chief, then, falls sick; naturally, or by foul means; meanwhile, the "doctor" has not been idle, he has carried to some hiding-place some herbs, stones, roots, bits of skin, or something of this kind, and has buried it in a nook. Soon after comes the summons for him. He goes. The

patient is suffering, and the mode of questioning the sick man is singular enough. With a grave face and solemn air, the doctor begins his inquiries,—"Does his head ache?" "No." "Has he a sore throat?" "No." "Pain in the shoulders?" "No." "In the chest?" "No." "In the arms?" "No." And so on, till the part affected is touched. Then the pain is acknowledged, and there is a long pause. No one ventures to speak, save the doctor and the patient. At last, the former asks the invalid who has bewitched him? All disease is looked upon as the effect of magic, from their total ignorance of a Providence. The patient replies, he does not know. It is not improbable, indeed, he may be leagued with the doctor; or, if he be a Chief, that he may have resolved on possessing himself of some poor dependent's cattle, and therefore bribes the doctor to assist him in his scheme. All the inhabitants of the kraal are summoned. They come. Perhaps, they expect a feast, unless they are aware of the Chief's illness. The doctor moves through the assembly, examines the countenances of this man and that, retires, deliberates, returns, and at last points out the unfortunate

man who has already been devoted to ruin. The victim protests his innocence. It is of no avail. The wise doctor can prove where he has hidden the charm which works the mischief. He goes to the nook where he himself has concealed it. The people follow. Wonderful!—he discovers it—brings it to the Chief, who orders the victim to pay so many head of cattle, the tax imposed being always so heavy as to injure the unfortunate creature beyond redemption. Frequently, he is condemned to death, and frightful cruelties are to this day practised on men and women accused of witchcraft, who, with their heads smeared with honey, are bound down on an ant-hill, and at their feet a blazing fire. Unable to move, they lie for days enduring this torture, till they are released or die. In the former case even, they are crippled for life. A very few weeks ago a rain-maker, a character similar to that of the doctor, but whose business is curing the weather, caused a poor creature to be put to death; and, strange to say, on the following day, though we had not had a drop of rain for nearly four months, and were very short of water, the torrents which fell deluged the country, and filled the tanks and

rivers beyond what had been seen for a considerable time.

I confess that, as I have ridden through the kraals, and seen the groups of Fingoes, or Kaffirs, sitting about the fires, surrounded by their children, cooking their corn, chattering and laughing, while at a little distance young boys basked in the sun, playing with pebbles at some game, or, lying on the grass, idle, and happy in their idleness, without a thought beyond the present, any more than the herd that cropped the green herbage round them, I have said to my companions, "How can we expect these happy wretches to be other than savages?" The earth yields them food, and their cattle, milk and clothing. Trees provide them wood for the frame-work of their huts, and their fires, and the clay on which they sit is shaped into utensils for their use. Wise in their own conceit, they must be but too happy and independent to change their condition of their own free will. They have no idea of the sin of a theft, or a lie, being equal to the folly which permits it to be found out.

I shall have occasion by and by to describe a council at which I was present, wherein Umhala,

a Kaffir Chief, was summoned by the Lieutenant-Governor, to show cause why he had threatened to "eat up" Gasella, another Chief, his step-brother. The secret of the threat was said to lie in Gasella's known friendly feeling towards the English, and his consequent determination to prevent the inroads of the Kaffirs upon the Colony, for the purpose of abstracting cattle. I cannot pass over an absurd law respecting compensation to cattle-owners for cattle, described as "reclaimable" or "irreclaimable, according to treaty." Never was a neater loop-hole for Kaffirs to take their plunder through. If a farmer have his cattle under the guardianship of a herd, and his kraal be well built and protected,—if the Kaffir steal any of the cattle so tended, he, the owner, is entitled to compensation for either cows, oxen, or horses, whichever may be missing. But, if the poor farmer be unable to procure a herd, or if he cannot obtain workmen to repair his kraal, or his stable (which is constantly the case), the Kaffir may walk into kraal, or stable, and help himself to a span of oxen, or the best horses, and these being *not* "*reclaimable, according to treaty,*" the poor farmer, who, having (for want of servants) watched

all day, is glad to sleep at night, will never be remunerated for his losses. He is not entitled to remuneration, because his cattle are "not reclaimable according to treaty." Now it is true that some farmers are supine, that they do not keep a proper look-out, and therefore deserve to lose their cattle; but, though *they* may deserve to lose it, there is no reason why the Kaffir should be permitted to steal it with impunity.

As long as we permit the Kaffir tribes to live and have their possessions on *this side the Keiskama*, we must look upon them as a people whom it is impossible to lead, or convince, at least in their present savage state. They must be *made* to abide by the laws which policy has induced us to form,—laws which are now unavailing, not only from malformation, but from vacillation in the execution of them. We pet a Kaffir Chief for doing his duty,—*apparently*,—for, while he professes to stop the stolen cattle of one man from the people of another Chief, he is diverting your attention from other robberies in which his own followers are engaged; or perhaps he professes much readiness in giving you assistance in recovering lost possessions, while all the time he

is keeping you off the *spoor**, to give the marauders time to escape. As I say, we pet a Kaffir for this work; but do we punish him properly for his depredations? Not at all. We hurry our troops hither and thither on a wildgoose chase, put the Government to an enormous expense, seize cattle on suspicion, get into a squabble with a *professedly* friendly chief, insist on payment from another, obtain the lame, the maimed, and the sick cattle of his kraal, which die on the road, while he, meanwhile, helps to supply his losses from another part of the country, which the troops have no time to reach; and, at the end of a campaign, Her Majesty's troops, invested with the new office of herds, bring into town perhaps three or four hundred head of cattle; all of which have most probably been captured by the energy and decision of Mr. Shepstone, or some other equally indefatigable Government agent, at the head of a tribe of Fingoes†.

* Trail, or track.

† Some weeks ago the anti-colonial party made a great cry against complainants, when Mr. Shepstone proved his power, in rescuing cattle within twenty-four hours after it had been stolen. Look at the time lost by the complainant, who left his farm to assist in the search. Look at the constant interruptions he thus suffers!

It is now said that the Fingoes are to be armed and organized. Such a force might be made available if Government will only make the punishment of evil in this Colony commensurate with the reward of such deeds as are the result of policy rather than of principle.

With regard to cattle-stealing, there is much said about the innocent Kaffirs suffering for the guilty. Who thinks about the innocent settlers suffering, when their whole life is spent in industry, and when one neighbour assists another, alike in labour and misfortune? I would punish the Chief of any kraal in which is found cattle of which he can give no satisfactory account. The first offence should be visited with three months at the tread-mill, and the second at least with transportation for a certain period, or for life. In my opinion, no punishment could be too severe for such a crime as cattle-stealing. "Oh, my! how shocking!" cries the cambric-handkerchief philanthropist. I should like to put our philanthropists on what we call a "Commando" here. I should like to see the anti-tax philanthropists examining the records of colonial expenses incurred in cattle-hunting in a year, to say

nothing of soldiers maimed for life, their constitutions ruined by climate, or consumption brought on by exposure to damp for many nights, and occasionally shot, or assegaied. Such philanthropists would be more concerned, I am inclined to think, for the "poor dear Hottentot driver," who has been born in a bush, and some society would probably be established for providing a dress for the fore-louper*,—who would by no means like to exchange it for his sheepskin—and some species of comfortable leggings for the waggon-oxen, lest they should get cold in their feet. Hang one Chief publicly, (shooting him in a kloof, like Hintza, would not go half as far,) and there will be a sudden stop in cattle-stealing. An officer observed to me the other day, when I said that if Tola were hung it would save many lives and much expense, "We must catch him first." This we shall never do, if we hunt up a Kaffir Chief by beat of drum and sound of bugle; a small body of the Cape Corps creeping quietly into a kraal, on the first notice of stolen cattle being there, would soon bring the Chief from his hiding-place; and, if he even were

* A little boy, leader of the oxen.

not guilty, keep him in gaol till the right man is produced,—the Chief's people will soon ransom him by producing the real culprit. But all this plundering on their side, and expense and trouble on ours, would be greatly reduced by keeping the Kaffirs on the other side of the Keiskama. This will be proved by the facts I shall detail.

And all this I write from what I see and hear around me, and from every one whom I meet on this side of the Great Fish River. The absurd manner in which we coax the Kaffirs, and injure our own cause by the ill formation and execution of our laws, is so constantly the theme of conversation, that a child of ten years old produced a rough caricature of John Bull, hat in hand, reading a treaty to a Kaffir. The Queen looks on smiling, and gently exhorting the Kaffir to listen, which he does with his finger on his nose. In the distance, Prince Albert bows to Kaffir children with knob-kiurries in their hands, and while the Queen, Prince, and John Bull are so civilly employed, the background is filled up with Kaffir boys driving off colonial cattle towards the kraals, where the women await them, and a Kaffir on a fine ox looks back on the scene in the foreground,

sneering at John Bull's folly, and taking advantage of his abstraction in the treaty matter, to clear the ground of its herds. When I asked the child how she came to think of such a caricature, (for it was executed while she was quite alone, and entirely from her own idea,) she said that "she wanted to make a picture of what every one was talking about."

The restless desire for plunder among the Kaffirs speaks much in favour of their Arabic origin. So do their tent-shaped huts, their riches consisting in herds of cattle, their wandering with their families from place to place to procure corn when their crops fail. Even the Chief's wives assist in domestic labour, "grinding the corn between two stones." They carry water on their heads in gourds and calabashes, and "go at eventime to draw water." (Genesis, chap. 23.) There is no doubt the colour of the Kaffir has become darker since his first establishment in the South. People unacquainted with the detail of the Pentateuch,—and there are, unhappily, many such,—are apt to forget that the tribes of Ishmael had nothing to do with those of Israel. Hence, a confused idea that the Kaffir habits, customs, ceremonies, &c.,

are of Jewish origin, which they are not—but they are decidedly patriarchal.

The Ishmaelites, after the death of Abraham, became wandering tribes, and could of course retain only the customs which their ancestor had followed before he separated himself from his step-brother, Isaac, after burying their father Abraham in the cave of Machpelah. The Kaffirs to this day bury their Chiefs, though they place their friends and relations in a kraal, (erected for the purpose, to protect them from the wild beasts,) with some food, or in a bush, and there leave them to die, or to recover, as Providence sees fit. In the latter case, when they get back to the kraal, no notice is taken of their return, and they resume their occupations as if nothing had happened.

The Mosaic law, it will be remembered, was given to the tribes of Israel, the heads of which were the sons of Jacob, or Israel, as it pleased God to call Jacob, and grandsons of Abraham, but between whom and the Israelites all affinity had ceased to exist. As Abraham was a hundred and fifty years old when he died, Isaac, the younger son, was seventy-five years of age, Ishmael was fourteen years older, and consequently

had had ample time to establish himself and his family in the earlier customs of his father's house. His wife was chosen by his mother from among the Egyptians; another reason why the tribes of Israel and Ishmael should afterwards continue distinct. Barrow mentions the resemblance of the Kaffirs to the Abyssinians and the Ethiopians. No doubt, from the wife of Ishmael being an Egyptian, his sons and their descendants married among their mother's family and countrywomen.

It is possible the Kaffirs may be descendants of those Arabs who refused to admit the doctrines of Mahomet. It was only in 622 that Mahomet united his people in faith. Meanwhile, many had probably commenced their migration to the south.

Their principal implement of war is the spear, or assegai. Such a weapon is now in especial use among the Arabs. The poising and hurling this spear constitute a trial of dexterity which they love to exhibit; and there could not be a finer subject for a painter than a tall Kaffir, majestically formed, with one foot firmly planted before him, his head thrown back, his kaross draped round

him, leaving the right arm and foot free and unfettered, in the act of poising an assegai before he sends it flashing through the sunlit air. Their wearing clothes will be an excellent thing for our manufactories, but will help to enervate the savage.

I cannot avoid reverting to the fact that writers have never, in their descriptions, separated the Fingoes from the Kaffirs. There is no doubt that they once formed one vast nation, but are now not only distinct, but opposed to each other. In advertisements relative to servants, and setting forth Government ordinances, mention is made of all the tribes of Kaffirs to the utmost limits of the known territory, also of Hottentots and Bushmen, but no reference is made to Fingoes, who differ from the Kaffirs in appearance as well as in habits.

Mr. Shepstone, the intelligent Government Agent, has kindly written down, from what he has gathered from them in conversation, the idea of the Kaffirs respecting their own origin. He says—

"The traditions among the native tribes on the south-eastern coast of Africa, which essay to describe

the origin of the human race, are as various as the tribes themselves. Perhaps, the one most curious in its detail is the following :—It assumes the pre-existence of the sun, moon, and stars, &c., as also of our earth, with everything in it as it at present exists, with the exception of men and cattle. It then describes two chasms in the earth, from one of which emerged three descriptions of men; first, the Kaffir; second, the Bushman (the original Hottentot); and third, the white man. These are the fathers of mankind. Out of the other chasm came cattle; the greatest part of these were given to the Kaffir, and he was told they should be 'his life and his children's.' The Bushman was given the honey-bird*, and was desired to follow it, as its fortunes would be '*his* life and *his* children's.' The white man was shown the sea, and was told to '*try everything.*' Another account represents the white man as having been incited by curiosity to explore the chasm whence had issued the cattle; that, after he had entered it, the mouth closed up; but that by extraordinary exertions he cleared his way out, which explains the cause of his descendants possessing such persevering ingenuity. Their different callings being thus defined, they were permitted to increase and multiply, and live in love with one another. This injunction was followed for a considerable period, when one

* A small bird, which, attracting the notice of travellers by its cry, guides them to the wild bees' nests in trees, or clefts of rocks.

morning, when the sun shone as brightly as usual in the heavens, one of their number was discovered motionless! speechless! cold! The utmost dismay was the consequence; all assembled to endeavour to ascertain the cause, and remedy what was felt to be a serious evil; some ran with water, to sprinkle the lifeless form; others hastened with broad-spreading leaves, to fan the rigid countenance, and every effort was made to restore their companion so far as to be able to tell the cause of such fearful apathy. All was in vain—not a ray of hope was left—despair took possession of their breasts. The form of their friend and fellow creature began to moulder. Nothing remained at last but the more substantial parts of the person once familiar to them. Then a voice came and named it 'Death!' It is curious to observe," remarks Mr. Shepstone, "in all this the recognition of a superintending and benevolent power, independent of man; whereas, in every other tradition, the fortunes of the human race are represented as under the control of the good and evil spirits of their forefathers, whichever may, from circumstances, predominate at the time."—(Fort Peddie, May 19th, 1843.)

No one, however, can for a moment suppose that the Kaffirs are the aborigines of Southern Africa. The Bushmen are the original inhabitants of the land, and they have an idea which incites them to pursue their habit of thieving be-

yond all bearable limits, namely, that God having created this land for *them*, and *them* for this land, they are entitled to help themselves to whatever they may find at hand or be in want of, so long as it is in *their* country, though the property of the white man. For a description of the Bosjeman, and the idea of his origin, the reader must be referred to Barrow, who quotes from Diodorus Siculus the character drawn of the Egyptians, and compares it with that of the Bosjemans, or Bushmen.

And now, having given an abstract of particulars relative to the inhabitants of this land, in order to explain their relations to our Government, and the character of the people among whom England has established settlers and soldiers, and for whom have been framed the most fallacious laws, as ill-executed as they are weak and contradictory, I shall begin to note down such occurrences as I witnessed during my sojourn on the eastern side of the Great Fish River, and continue the detail by remarks on passing events. In looking over my rough journal, I find the part best worth transcribing is dated

April 12th, 1843, and opens with a description of the "Entrance of Sandilla to Fort Peddie."

"I was sitting at my work one morning in my low cottage room, when the tramp of horses' feet, long continued, like troops on a march, attracted my attention. I looked out, and saw across the plain a crowd of wild-looking horsemen. A young man was at the head of them, preceded by an advanced guard, armed and mounted. Forty others followed their chief, the young Sandilla, son of old Gaika, and head of the Gaika tribe, his mother being Luta, a Tambookie; he is also nephew to Macomo, at present *nominally* our ally. The appearance of this troop was certainly picturesque; a bright handkerchief formed the head-dress of each, save one, whose head was shaved, in token of mourning*. The corners of the handkerchiefs hanging down on the left side, gave a jaunty air to the said head-gear; the kaross concealed the form, all but the feet and right arm, the right hand carrying the war allowance of seven assegais. They rode on in great precision, the

* Did not the Arab, Job, shave his head in token of mourning?

advanced guard alone preceding the chief, who was professedly on his way to visit Mr. Shepstone, but was supposed to be sent out of the way of a council at Beaufort, under some pretext, by Macomo, as it was well known Mr. Shepstone was absent. Sandilla, being of royal blood, great jealousy is felt towards him; he is imagined by some to be a fool, by others, a knave. He has always an Imrad (councillor) at his elbow, who watches him, and, as he speaks no English, interprets for him, and is no doubt his principal guide in words and deeds.

Not long ago a picture was exhibited in London of Sandilla, in his boyhood, and a note appended to the picture informed the curious that "this young Prince might be considered a fortunate youth, since, in the first instant of his birth, he stood a chance of being destroyed, in consequence of his left foot being withered, but that during the war, he was concealed and taken care of; otherwise, but for his extreme youth, he would have been sought out and murdered by some of his uncles, who would gladly have established themselves in his government, which is superior to most others; the Gaika Chief being head of

many other great tribes, each having their chiefs, with petty chiefs under them*." His uncle, Bothman, long ago seceded from Sandilla, establishing a tribe for himself, despising him as a chief on account of his youth: he is now barely one and twenty.

Sandilla and his followers hung about the post for two or three days, and were remarkably insolent in their demands; asking for rations as a right, and carrying off as much firewood as they wanted on their bivouac, from the wood-stacks of the inhabitants. They went to every house with the usual cry of "Baseila*!" and asking for wine and tobacco.

I was standing, with my husband, on the green, round which the fort, tower, barracks, and outbuildings are erected, at Fort Peddie, when Sandilla, himself on horseback, but with two followers on foot, came up to us at full tilt. When in front of us, he reined in his horse; and, leaning

* This chieftainship, sub-chieftainship, and petty chieftainship, reminds one of Highland clanship in old times. The only hope of reducing the Kaffirs to subjection lies in the probability of their quarrelling among themselves, as was the case latterly with the Highland clans.

† Answering to the Arabic "Bachshish!"

forward in his sheep-skin saddle, took a quiet survey of us. There was something singularly wild and almost interesting in his demeanour. For a minute, he sate with his gleaming eyes glancing from one to the other with an intensely earnest look, and helplessly at his horse's side hung down his withered foot and ankle, no larger than a child's. Near him, in silence, stood his two followers, magnificent-looking creatures, with complexions of dark olive, set off by their bright blue head-dresses. Their attitudes, as they leaned on their assegais, were easy and graceful. So they stood, till their young chief had finished his survey, while we repaid him glance for glance. Sandilla then spoke in a low, muttered tone to his followers, who repeated, as if demanding a right, "Baseila!" But we had nothing with us, and, after another examination of our countenances, Sandilla turned his horse away, and galloped off without further salutation, his running footmen keeping pace with his swift steed. They then established themselves at our cottage garden gate; but, at last, getting tired of waiting for us, the crowd of savage cavalry withdrew to the position they had fixed on for the night, about

a mile from the post. In a few days, they departed, in the same order as they came.

Our most interesting visitor is the Christian Kaffir Chief, Kama; his habits and demeanour are those of a gentleman, his dress is of good, though plain materials, and his mild voice, coupled with his smooth and gentle language, is pleasant to listen to. He has long been a convert to Christianity, and is so disinterested that, some time ago, he created a dangerous party against himself by sending back to her country a Tambookie woman—who had been offered him as a wife—saying that the religion he had embraced permitted him only one wife*. On the Tambookies complaining to his brother-in-law, Macomo, the latter declined interfering, whether from policy or good feeling is doubtful. So uncertain is Kama of the good faith of his brothers, Pato and Cobus Congo, that he is about to remove to the Bechuana country, where he intends putting himself under the protection of Mosheseh, the Basoota Chief, and having, like Mosheseh, a house built in the English style.

* The Tambookies are considered as a royal race of Kaffirs.

So far, Mosheseh is civilized; but, on my asking how many wives he had, he replied, "Perhaps a hundred!"

We showed Kama, the other day, a six-barrelled revolving pistol, and an air-cane. What wonder and admiration were depicted in his fine countenance! The Kaffir seldom expresses open surprise; all that he says is "Soh! soh!" repeated slowly, and with a reflective air. Kama was more delighted with the workmanship of the pistol, than with the wonderful power of the air-cane.

One day, while we were seated at dinner, with the door open, the day being warm, Cobus Congo walked in. He had on an old artillery uniform, which belonged to the late Colonel Storey. On that day, as it was Cobus's first visit, we did not turn him out, but we resolved on not following the foolish custom of permitting the Kaffirs to take, with us, liberties which are not suffered among themselves. Old Pato, also, with his panther eyes, came up to the door, begging, as usual; and, when they had obtained the tobacco we gave to get rid of them, off they walked, no doubt thinking us great fools for our pains.

Another entry in my journal refers to the dispute between Umhala and Gasella, which was considered of sufficient importance to bring the Lieutenant-Governor, with a hundred men of the 71st and fifty of the Cape Corps, to Fort Peddie. I find the account of the quarrel and its consequences in my journal tally so exactly with that given in the Graham's Town Journal, that I quote the latter:—

"The outline of the facts connected with this affair, is as follows:—The youths of two neighbouring tribes, as is often customary when they happen to meet, had engaged in a fray, in the course of which some of them were hurt, and one of them is said to have been killed. On this, the father of one of these boys, a petty chief, belonging to Sandilla's tribe, proceeded to the kraal of Gazela, to whom he demeaned himself so insolently, that the chief, irritated beyond endurance, knocked him down, and commanded him to be driven from the place. This appears to have been seized upon as a sufficient pretext for carrying into execution the design long entertained of crippling the power of Gazela, and driving him from his present position, where, with his well-known friendly disposition towards the Colony, he has been a most vexatious check upon the forays of the neighbouring tribes upon the cattle and horses of the colonial farmers.

"To understand this matter aright, it may be neces-

sary to explain that Gazela resides in the very centre of Kaffirland, his kraals occupying a tract of open country at the base of the Amatoli Mountains, at the extreme point of the range which then turns towards the Tambookie country. These mountains are of a most impracticable character,—rugged, encumbered with impervious thicket, and acclivitous,—and hence, the spot occupied by Gazela, just at the apex of the bend, is the key or high road into Hintza's country, and also into the interior of Tambookie land. It will appear very evident from this sketch, that such a position, occupied by a chief so friendly disposed towards the Colony as Gazela has proved himself to be, must be a continual source of annoyance to those tribes who consider the plunder of the colonists as nothing more than a kind of primitive commerce, and who appear to think that the colonists should supply them, without grumbling, with beef and mutton, and saddle-horses, whenever they may please to require them.

"The present moment appears favourable for disabusing the Kaffirs, and their apologists, of these notions, and we have now to learn whether the Government will permit the design in question to succeed, or whether, by prompt and efficient interference, the Kaffirs shall be taught to respect British authority—and be convinced that those who act faithfully towards the Colony, will not be suffered, for their fidelity, to be crushed by their refractory and dishonest countrymen. Gazela has long requested the support of the British

Government, and it is important to remember that there is no point in Kaffirland where a force might be placed with so much advantage to the Colony and so well calculated to secure the peace of Kaffirland, as the territory from whence an attempt is now being made to drive the chief in question.

"It is creditable to the Lieutenant-Governor that he appears resolved to act with determination in this matter, and to sustain Gazela against his enemies. His Honour is now at Fort Peddie, whence a message had been sent by him to Umhala, requiring his attendance. The messengers returned on Tuesday with Umhala's reply, viz.—'I am also a Chief, therefore I will not come at the bidding of His Honour. I say so because I have not yet heard who has complained of me to the Government, and because I know not for what reason I am called—*therefore I will not come!!*' Another message has been sent him, to the effect, that His Honour holds him responsible to the British for the welfare of Gazela, and requires Umhala's attendance at Fort Peddie forthwith, and that if he does not appear, he (the Lieutenant-Governor) will enter his country with troops, and he (Umhala) must abide the consequences. In the mean time, more troops are ordered from Fort Beaufort on this expedition."

Colonel Hare and his Aide-de-Camp arrived at Fort Peddie on the 24th of April, 1843, drenched to the skin, and without even a change of clothes,

till the Orderly and saddle-bags arrived. The 91st and the Cape Corps had been hurried away from church-parade; and one could not but admire the example of a man in Colonel Hare's position in not staying to provide himself with personal comforts, which were even permitted to the soldier; for the Lieutenant-Governor, with the possibility of being obliged to proceed into Kaffirland before him, had neither tent nor waggon at command for his own personal convenience.

More troops were under orders at Fort Beaufort. Day after day, during the week, some subtle message was received from Umhala. He was evidently delaying his march till his spies brought him intelligence from Fort Peddie, and till, as he himself expressed it (affecting courtesy, but intending insolence), he had collected a force of sufficient number to meet Colonel Hare's assemblage. Umhala, as was afterwards proved, was lingering in the neighbourhood, conferring with his brother, Umkai, and his nephew, Sandilla, both of whom are bitterly opposed to Gasella. It was said by many worthy of credence, that these plots had long been concocting between the parties;

hence, probably, arose Sandilla's unexpected and protracted visit to Fort Peddie, whither he was accompanied by Umkai.

On Saturday, April 29th, Colonel Hare, learning that Umhala was resting at a missionary station four miles from Peddie, with the intention of advancing to the council on the following Monday, resolved on leaving the meeting to the arrangement of Major Lamont, next in command; and, having become acquainted with the leading features of the case, returned to his duties at Graham's Town. Umhala had at first proposed to bring his followers to Peddie on Sunday, but this was not to be permitted, nor was he at all events to approach nearer to it than Somerset Mount, about four miles off. Having ascertained from Mr. Shepstone that the meeting would be a peaceable one, I was prevailed on to accompany my husband and his brother officers to the conference, and at nine in the morning of the 30th of April, we rode out, keeping pretty close to the Cape Corps, the *Raed Vatjes*, or red jackets (as they term the British troops on the frontier) being left at Fort Peddie in reserve. It was a lovely morning, resembling in its temperature the open-

ing of one of our warm spring days. The mimosa-bushes, more powerful than our own May, yet reminded us of its redolence; but there were no singing-birds. This is one of our wants in South Africa. A kind of swallow, though, which has built its long bottle-mouthed nest in our verandah, occasionally enlivens us with its merry chirrup and long trill, clear as a silver bell.

As we cantered on, in peaceful array, over the green turf, looking very unlike a hostile force, many thoughts chased each other through my mind. Not a year had elapsed since, walking one morning from a well-known publisher's, with a friend (one of those connected with old, familiar, and beloved memories), we had chatted, as we stopped at the crossing from Marlborough-street to Maddox-street, about rides in Kaffirland, and notes thereon. Since that time and this what strange dangers and sorrows had been passed; parting from friends, sickness almost unto death, in the shape of a fever on board ship, shipwreck, and a sojourn in this far country!

I own to feeling a little bewildered; the arrival of more troops at Fort Peddie had been sudden, and the total want of provision for comfort among

the officers, in consequence of their being ordered off without an hour's notice, to settle a trifling squabble between two worthless Kaffirs, called forth activity in at least making them welcome to such refreshments as we could offer; while the determination to witness the proceedings of the conference having been a thing of a moment, produced a certain degree of excitement not easily to be subdued. As we proceeded, the advance guard hastened on in front, and I confess that, when they made a sudden halt, and called out in Dutch that the Kaffirs were in sight, my heart fluttered. As a corrective to this, I gave my horse his head at once, and kept up, at a little distance from the road, with the hand-gallop of the troops. Be it remembered, in defence of my womanly attributes, which I would not abjure for the world, that I had the greatest faith in Mr. Shepstone's assurance that the Kaffirs would be peaceably disposed as long as we remained so, and I knew his information, from his knowledge of their character and policy, to be correct. Still, I own to the beating of my heart, and a slight coldness about the lips. On, however, I went, determined to resist the feeling; and the fresh

morning air, the sight of English officers, and the knowledge of the effectiveness of the accompanying troops, soon dissipated my nervous feelings. Before us, advancing down the hills, was Umhala, mounted, and surrounded by his followers, also mounted, in number about two hundred. As soon, apparently, as they had obtained a full and fair view of us, enabling them to estimate pretty accurately our number, they dismounted. Away went their horses, none being saddled, nor, apparently, bridled, to enjoy the sweets of the fresh grass. Then the Kaffir chief and his people formed themselves into a phalanx, certainly of most warlike appearance; each man bearing his war allowance of seven assegais, and carrying a musket in his right hand. Now, too, I remarked that the blanket and brown coverlid had almost superseded the kaross. In a short time, they formed themselves into a semicircle, six or eight deep, Umhala himself, in European costume — resembling a mechanic's well-worn Sunday coat and trousers, and with a hat to match, being seated in the centre. Down they all squatted, with their arms close by them, for use in case of need. The English commis-

sioners (for so we may term Major Lamont and Mr. Shepstone) shook hands with Umhala, as he rose from his seat and advanced to give them civil greeting, as the latter did also with his adversary, Gasella, who had ridden with us to the conference.

Umhala then retired to his position, and there was a silence of some minutes, the Kaffirs examining us with their keen glances, and we, in our turn, looking at them in true English style, "straight in the face." At last, after a long pause, Mr. Shepstone entered upon the business of the meeting, by reading to them a translation, in the Kaffir language, of Colonel Hare's letter, demanding Umhala's reason for annoying and letting his people annoy Gasella, &c. &c. After due deliberation, and sundry whispers between his Imrads, or councillors, and himself, Umhala began his reply by apologies for keeping Colonel Hare at Fort Peddie, in expectation of his arrival. He said "the weather had been severe, the rains had made the roads heavy for his horses, his people were unable to hurry themselves," and so forth; and all this apology was delivered in a cold sarcastic tone, indicative

of a contempt he scarcely cared to conceal. He denied much that Gasella had stated, though the story was well authenticated; and, though I could not understand the language, the characters of the two chiefs were manifested in their deportment. Umhala spoke slowly and deliberately, having listened patiently (with an occasional ejaculation of "Soh," "Soh," at each period) to Mr. Shepstone's address. Now and then, he smiled scornfully, and with an air of mock civility, towards Gasella, and the whole import of his speech appeared to me to mean this—"I hate you—you are the ally of the English; we dare not touch you now, as you are surrounded by them, but this is only temporary, we will annihilate you whenever a good opportunity offers." I found afterwards that my translation was wonderfully literal.

Gasella, in replying, rather lost his temper, and no wonder, finding that Umhala denied everything, and persisted that his adversary had seriously injured the Imrad, though he had taken care to leave the said Imrad at the Kraal, where he had been seen, a day or two before, by an agent of Mr. Shepstone's, and was reported perfectly free from injury.

Finding the meeting such a peaceful-*looking* affair, another officer's wife, who was of the party, proposed that she and I should ride on half a mile further, to the missionary station, but it was thought unadvisable; and it was as well we remained where we were, for we learned afterwards that the peaceful valley behind the site of the council contained a thousand armed Kaffirs, Umhala fearing we might attempt to take him prisoner. The sight of these savages would have been unpleasant, though, without a signal from their chief, they would not have molested us. On each hill-top, looking gigantic, as the clear sky threw out their forms in strong relief, were scouts—their blankets or karosses flying in the wind, and their assegais over their shoulders—placed there, no doubt, to watch our proceedings, and alarm Umhala's "reserve battalion," in the event of our displaying hostile intent.

On the previous day, Kama had been with us, and we could not but observe his cautious bearing as we questioned him concerning Umhala. It was evident, however, that he had been entrusted with no political secrets. Every trait in Kama is interesting; his gentleness, consistence, pa-

tience, and hazardous position between his richer brothers, Pato and Congo, make him, indeed, an object of our care and protection. Nevertheless, poor Kama gives us very little trouble, asks for no presents, and resolves on quietly establishing a position for himself on the other side of the Orange River, or the Keiskama.

The Kaffirs have some ideas, social and political, of honourable principle; their good rules, however, never proceed from a proper distinction of right from wrong, but from a necessity to preserve order, and steadiness to their own cause. For instance, Umkai, the brother of Umhala, was a chief, but, during the Kaffir irruption, he preferred the degrading occupation of a spy to that of a warrior; and, after the war, when they had profited by his espionnage, they deposed him from his chieftainship. This looks chivalrous, but so treacherous a race do nothing from honourable motives. What can be a greater proof of their want of all right feeling, than their having no word expressive of "gratitude" in their language?

And yet, by the laws of this Colony, if a Kaffir and a white man claim compensation for loss of cattle at the same time, the re-

muneration of the Kaffir is first thought of and arranged!

Umhala asked several times, in a tone of quiet impertinence, "by what right Colonel Hare had summoned him at all? What proof was there of his hostility towards Gasella?" and thus Umhala sneered, and Mr. Shepstone remonstrated, and little shabby Gasella scolded, and then the council was dissolved, it being decided that Gasella, having already paid a heavier fine of cattle than he ought to have done, should pay no more, although Umhala had demanded fifty head above what Gasella had given, as compensation for the Imrad's pretended injury.

As we retreated from the scene of the council, which had taken place on an elevation crowned with mimosa-bushes, the phalanx rose, and one fired a musket in the air, a genuine *feu de joie*, no doubt, at our peaceful departure.

Gasella returned to Fort Peddie with us, and, in the afternoon, the troops marched back to Graham's Town. Though Gasella gained his point in not paying the cattle demanded by Umhala, it will eventually be taken openly, or stolen from him. In short, the meeting between

these two adverse chiefs reminded me of two quarrelsome boys being summoned before the master, reprimanded, and sent away, both being more bitter enemies than before, and the stronger one resolved to have his revenge on the weaker as soon as he gets him into a quiet corner. Such will be the wind-up of the quarrel, which hurried off the parade, a hundred and fifty men and a proportionate number of officers, headed by his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, and accompanied by commissariat-waggons, for the conveyance of such baggage as the officers were enabled to gather together in their haste!

I was rather amused at the "introduction" of the chief Gasella to me, the evening before the council was to meet. I was sitting over the fire, chatting with an officer, when Pato and an inferior Kaffir came in, followed by a dirty, miserable little man, in a threadbare surtout, broken hat, &c. On my asking Pato some question relative to the quarrel with the chiefs, which had sent the troops a three days' march in miserable weather, he pointed to the wretched little object who had advanced to my elbow, and said, "There —Gasella." I stared, and, feeling some sympathy

for the creature, gave him a chair. Both asked for wine and tobacco; I gave them some cigars. At this moment, Kama arrived, and, seeing they intended lighting their cigars at my sitting-room fire, he pointed out the impropriety of it, and they departed. Gasella is less civilized even than Pato, and very unlike a Kaffir in appearance.

Having returned to his kraal, Gasella now stands a fair chance of a musket-ball, or an assegai, being sent through him by one of Umhala's people. In this event, what redress could be obtained? And how Umhala would laugh at the *Roed Vatjes!* Even if they pursued him to his kraal, he would be far away on the other side of the country, with his wives and people, before they could reach it, and his cattle would be placed in some snug kloof, under the care and protection of a chief, who would, meanwhile, mislead the troops in an opposite direction, professing to be our friend all the time, and rewarded accordingly.

Every one (except interested people, who pay no attention to truth, so long as their purposes are gained,) is of opinion that the state of the

Colony must be looked into and amended. We are too considerate towards the Kaffirs, who are not a race of men to be treated—at least at present—as rational beings. From what I gather from those who are intimately acquainted with their character, it is my belief that the Kaffir *will never be tamed.*

They have now been brought *outwardly* to acknowledge the possible existence of a Superior Power, so far as to make them respect an oath, when it has once been administered to them, but in the administration of it lies the difficulty; and probably when they profess to understand its sacred nature, they have no real conviction of it. In taking the oath, the Kaffir raises his two first fingers above his brow, pointing to the sky; but in their own most solemn ceremonials, they swear by their wives' fathers, or mothers. Whoever they are so accustomed to swear by, are considered by them as such sacred objects that on meeting them the Kaffir either retires into a bush, or veils his face in his kaross, till they have gone by.

In spite, however, of oaths and treaties, the temptation to plunder will never be resisted by

them until some heavy punishment is inflicted. Fining them is of no avail; they go on stealing in every direction, even from one another, and, as fast as they are fined for the remuneration of one, they repair their loss by robbing a farm, or kraal, in another neighbourhood.

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May 4th.—Every day brings accounts of cattle-stealing about Beaufort, in the more immediate neighbourhood of Graham's Town, and the out-posts nearest to it. The news that has arrived from England concerning Natal, gives satisfaction in general, though some cry aloud at the idea of the rebel leaders among the Boers being permitted to go unpunished. And what compensation is made for the loss of such promising officers as Lieutenants Wyatt and Prior, who were just as much killed in action as any of those "brave and lamented soldiers who fell in the late disastrous affair of Affghanistan"? How such leniency will operate, remains to be proved; there be those who predict that many lives will be lost ere the affair is settled. Already the Boers about Colesburg are beginning to creep off to the other side of the Orange River, os-

tensibly to attack Panda, the Zoola chief, but, in reality, to assist the insurgent Boers at Natal.

May 26th.—Chief Kama, the only Christian Kaffir chief—*I believe*, the only Christian *Kaffir*—is passing through Peddie, with his family, baggage, followers, and fifteen hundred head of cattle. His life is not safe in the neighbourhood of his brothers, Pato and Cobus Congo. He is bound for the Bechuana country, on the other side the Orange River; but, until spring commences, he will make a halt near Beaufort, and act under the protection of our nominal and drunken ally, Macomo, uncle of Sandilla, and a chief of the Gaika tribe.

The post of to-day brings, as usual, accounts of continued depredations, and the Fingoes of this neighbourhood, the people we are protecting, have been made to render up more than three hundred head of cattle which they had appropriated to themselves, from the kraals of various people.

In my next chapter, I shall give an account of the late campaign, undertaken for the purpose of ejecting Tola from his kraal and chieftainship, by two hundred of the Cape Corps, one hundred and fifty of the 91st, and two hundred of the

87th, under the command of Colonels Somerset, Lindsay, and Johnson, the former being senior in command.

Nothing could be more tiresome or useless than this affair; and the patience and steadiness of both officers and men were nothing more nor less than a sad waste of energy against a despicable enemy, who should rather have been hunted as a wild beast, than treated as one worthy to be met in arms.

CHAPTER VI.

FORT WILLSHIRE—THE "COMMANDO"—THE HOTTENTOT CAVALRY—FINGO WARRIORS—BRITISH-AFRICAN LAWS—MURDER OF COLONISTS, BY KAFFIRS—AFRICAN SCENERY—EFFORTS OF THE PHILANTHROPISTS, AND THE EFFECTS OF THEM—DISAFFECTION OF THE DUTCH—THE ZOOLAHS—KAFFIR CRUELTY—THE FINCANI—MILITARY SERVICE AT THE CAPE.

AFTER repeated complaints from the settlers in various parts of the district of Lower Albany, of depredations committed on their farms and among their cattle, more especially by Tola (a chief of the T'Slambie tribe), the Lieutenant-Governor resolved on sending a body of troops against him, in order to rescue the stolen cattle, and break up the chief's government and tribe. Before, however, the troops had assembled at the

rallying-point, Fort Willshire*, Tola had sent the plunder away either into the interior of Kaffir-land, with his wives, children, and people, or into secluded kloofs, under the care of herds belonging to the tribes of some of those very chiefs who acted as allies and guides to the British troops on the occasion. There stood the offender's kraal, consisting of scattered and empty huts, and there was the "grand army," (upwards of five hundred strong) in array against "Tola's country;" while Tola himself was taking an occasional peep at the proceedings from his lurking-places in the bush, smiling, no doubt, at so many of Her Majesty's soldiers being sent out to hunt him,—he—a Kaffir Chief—on his own wild ground, in many places inaccessible to European infantry, or Hottentot cavalry!

At first setting out on the "Commando," as these campaigns are called, the affair promised to be pleasant enough; the weather was delightful,

* A fort on the banks of the Keiskama, once in the occupation of the English, but given up to the Kaffirs by the last treaties, when the Great Fish River was established as the boundary. It is now defaced, little being left to mark its site, the Kaffirs having been permitted to carry away the wood-work of the buildings, which originally cost at least £50,000.

though the month of June is our first winter month here. One company of the 91st had obeyed orders to the letter of the law, and had taken the field in "light marching order;" but the rest had a certain number of waggons and tents, and it was amusing to see the comforts with which some had surrounded themselves,—canteens, easy chairs, bedsteads, tables, mats, cooking utensils, &c. These resolved on making the best of the matter, turning what at first appeared a warlike expedition into a pic-nic party, though those who had entered the service intending to become soldiers, were content to lie under the bush, and fare no better than the men they commanded.

Never, however, had been seen such times of marching, counter-marching, bivouacking, and eating and drinking, since the days when the City Train Bands and the Westminster Volunteers were called into active service on Wimbledon, Kennington, and Clapham Commons, where they encamped to little purpose, except to eat sandwiches and drink the King's health in "London particular." About a fortnight after the troops had assembled at Willshire, a division of them,

consisting of upwards of two hundred of the 91st, and the same number of the Cape Corps, were ordered to Fort Peddie, to halt and refresh themselves; but the springs, owing to the want of rain, were nearly dry (and a sentry is always placed on the principal tank at Peddie*); so the 91st remained in the neighbourhood of the kraal belonging to Eno, a dependent chief of the Gaika tribe, and the Cape Corps came on. There was brack water enough for the horses.

Sunday was spent peacefully at Peddie, and on Monday morning, June 6th, 1843, as the two corps were to meet six or seven miles from the post, I was induced to ride out, with another lady and a party, to the rendezvous. Although I by no means think the head of a brigade in array for the field an eligible place for ladies in general, my friend and I did not regret having yielded to the various solicitations, that we should proceed a little further with the expedition, which had no chance of becoming, in reality, a warlike one.

* In building the new barracks at Peddie, pipes have been placed along the roofs, for the purpose of collecting water in the rainy season. This is a great advantage to the residents, who hitherto have been dependent on tanks and flays (hollows in the earth, which are filled by heavy rains).

The morning resembled the one I have described in my account of Umhala's affair. Certainly a South African morning is incomparably beautiful. The want of rain had taken from the turf much of its freshness; still, the mimosa is always green, and the perfume of its bright yellow blossoms most delicious. We kept to the grass, smooth as velvet, and gently undulating here and there, with wooded kloofs to the right and left of us; while the Cape Corps, in dusky array, filled the high road. Nothing can be more efficient than the appearance of the Hottentot soldier, though I confess to laughing heartily at one or two immediately in advance of us.

There he is, in his bush-coloured jacket, clay-coloured leather trousers, seated on his sturdy little steed, as though nothing had ever parted, or could ever part, the horse and his rider. Before him, on his light dragoon saddle, is rolled his cloak; behind him, his blanket, corn-sack, and nose-bag; a slight change of shoes, trousers, &c., is carried, in the havresac in light marching order, and in a valise on other occasions. His double-barrelled percussion carbine, wrapped in sheepskin, rests its muzzle in a holster, adapted for the pur-

pose; and across his shoulder is slung his belt, a pouch, containing twenty rounds of ammunition, and, occasionally, a canteen. When it is remembered that the average height of the Hottentot soldier is five feet one, and that he is slight in proportion, it may be imagined what a figure he cuts when accoutred for the field; but he is the most efficient soldier for this Colony for all that. He is keen-witted and intelligent, patient of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, active as a monkey, and possessed of a perfect knowledge of the country, and occasionally of the Kaffir language. Add to this, the officers of this corps have either been long residents in the Colony, or are the sons of people who have known no other home for many years. Fit commanders, then, are they for such troops.

Over the turf we cantered, the delicious air imparting spirits to ourselves and to our steeds, and, as we advanced, we left the green-jackets winding along the road behind us, while down between two green hills came the 91st, the shrill bagpipes sounding strangely indeed among these far plains and echoing valleys of Africa. Here we all halted for a few minutes, till I was persuaded to go on to the banks of the Keiskama, where one party was

to encamp for some time, and the other to bivouac and dine, previously to crossing the river into Kaffirland. Our little private party then proceeded, with those who were to take up the ground for the encampment. A beautiful spot was selected; nothing could be more picturesque. On a mound, commanding an extensive view of the country, the 91st were to establish themselves. Up the hill followed the division of the red-jackets, a long line of waggons, camp sutlers, Fingoes, Commissariat people, servants, led horses, &c., bringing up the rear. In a few moments, the white tents dotted the ground; fires were lit, and, in an incredibly short time, there was savoury evidence of *carbonatje*. My head ached with the fatigue of the ride, and, perhaps, the excitement of the scene; but that was nothing. A table was spread for me near a kindly bush, and a breakfast that would have satisfied an epicure craved attention. I rejoiced over some deliciously-made coffee, and then took a survey of the scene beneath. On a beautiful and level plain the Cape Corps had bivouacked: some lounged and slept in the centre of the square which had been formed by piling each man's saddle, blanket, &c.; others snatched

their hastily-cooked meal near a cluster of bushes. The laugh of the merry-makers ascended gaily up the hill, and the brazen call of the trumpet, or bugle, was given back by the echoes from the tall grey rocks, bounding the opposite side of the Keiskama, whose quiet waters glided peacefully on under the shadow of overhanging boughs on one side, and on the other stately cliffs, variegated with mimosas and euphorbias. On its green banks reclined a crowd of Fingo warriors, in their war attire of plumes, assegais, shields of bullock-hide, and karosses draped gracefully round them. The chiefs wore tiger skins. Indolent they looked, basking in the sunshine, smoking dágha, (seed of a kind of wild hemp, having much the same effect as opium on the senses). In the field these people are useful assistants, and most formidable opponents to their former severe taskmasters, the Kaffirs. Their rain-makers and doctors cut a conspicuous and grotesque figure, with their strange fantastic head-dresses of jackal's and monkey's tails. The mischief these wretches do I have already described.

Presently, the quiet of the scene was disturbed; the trumpet of the Cape Corps gave forth its

brazen signal to upsaddle; men and horses were soon in their ranks; few waggons were in the train of this corps, so accustomed to the field, and so fitted to its duties; and, ere half an hour had elapsed, the ground, which had presented so animated an appearance, was unoccupied. The sound of the Keiskama's gently flowing waters remained undisturbed, the Fingo phalanx had moved onwards, and the little mound on which the 91st were encamped, formed a lively contrast to the profound repose of the valley below. As the afternoon advanced, we too thought of upsaddling and away.

Writers are often accused of "inventing a moonlight" on occasion; but I protest that in many of our rambling expeditions here, the moon has especially favoured us. Indeed, we would seldom venture to make excursions in this country of no twilight and early sunsets, without the prospect of a moon for our homeward ride at night. We left the camp at three o'clock; and, as we proceeded from the spot, we looked back. We could now see both parties; the white tents and scarlet jackets of the 91st, and the long array of the Cape Corps, which, having crossed the Keiskama, was now wending its

way into Kaffirland. The evening air was growing chilly, and we were fain to advance instead of glancing back. When we reached the missionary station, within four miles of Peddie, we found that the hospitable family there had been watching our approach, for their table was spread with goodly refreshment, and never was poor wretch more grateful for anything than was I for Mrs. Tainton's fragrant cup of tea, so kindly and readily bestowed.

It must be observed that the troops crossed the Keiskama entirely with the nominal concurrence of the chiefs, with the exception of Sandilla, who affected to be much annoyed at Tola's continued contempt of the treaties, and his repeated inroads on the property of the colonists. It has since been proved, as might have been expected, that, while the chiefs were accompanying the troops into the field, they were constantly misguiding them, and giving them wrong information relative to the cattle.

How much better would it be for all parties, were the Keiskama established as the boundary between the Colony and Kaffirland, instead of the Great Fish River: the former is more open, and comparatively free from bush; while the thick

jungle of the latter is always a grand lurking-place for Kaffirs. Here it was that Tola established himself, and looked forth on the "grand army." The mischief that has accrued from admitting these savages on this side of the Keiskama, is daily experienced. How English people have been cajoled into believing the Kaffirs a mild race of people! Dignified they are to be sure, for the cold-blooded wickedness of their nature is indeed measured, steady, and implacable. They have no idea of a future existence, and fear not death. Nothing can be a greater proof of their savage state than their treatment of their women. Gaika, our best ally, had one of his wives tied up in a sack, and drowned in the Great Fish River, because some designing wretch (jealous perhaps) had accused her of witchcraft. Tola, on seeing one of his wives look into a cattle-kraal, (which women are forbidden to approach upon pain of death,) deprived her of life on the spot, with a blow of his knob-kiurrie, or war-club. And Umhala, who accompanied the last expedition, on pretence of tracing the spoor of cattle, insists on having a joint amputated from the third finger of every female child

born in his territory! If there be a fight between two tribes, the conquering party will not wait to take the brass or head-ornaments from the arms and necks of the women, but chop off heads, or hands, whichever may be most in the way. All this goes on to this day; and yet we trust to the honour! and good-feeling! of such wretches!

Well, the troops were soon afterwards dispersed; some went back to Graham's Town, some to lonely outposts, and some to Beaufort; all very tired of the business, and some seriously ill, from sleeping in the bush at the end of the "campaign," when the rain fell in torrents, and the ground was saturated. Great part of the cattle was rescued by the Fingoes, who came into Peddie in phalanx, singing their song of triumph, a low, deep, solemn chant, each voice modulated to the others, in perfect unison. Their appearance was indeed warlike. It is worthy of remark, that while the Colony remained in this unsettled state, the Kaffir and Fingo women went about armed with assegais.

The crossing of the Keiskama gave great offence to Sandilla, the son of Gaika, and head of the

tribe. Yet, what could be done? Not only had the greater number of the chiefs agreed to it, but some of the cattle had been traced, and must be rescued. There would have been much less probability of the cattle being stolen at all, had the Keiskama (with its comparatively open banks) been the boundary. The miseries of this Colony arise not from what the executives are obliged to do now, but from the mis-shapen and fallacious treaties of 1836. Even these treaties have been by no means abided by, as regards the safety of the Colony. The ground now occupied by the chiefs resident on this side of the Keiskama, has been allotted to them as a loan. The 4th Article of the Treaty says:—"The said contracting chiefs therefore accept, as a special mark of His Majesty's grace and favour, any part of the territory between the Keiskama and the Kat River, as a loan, to be by them, or their tribe, or any part thereof, held upon such terms, and to such extent, as shall be laid down by, or on the part of, His said Majesty, which terms shall be incorporated in this treaty, they, the said chiefs, promising, at no period, ever to lay claim to the possessions, or any part of the territory, known

by the name of the ceded territory, except such part as shall be allotted to them in the manner herein above stated."

From this, it is clear the Kaffir remains on this side the Keiskama on sufferance, yet he is treated with more consideration than the industrious settler.

See what the 21st Article says:—"Any Kaffir or other native residing among the Kaffirs, who shall be desirous of crossing the boundary into the colonial territory, shall be obliged to do so unarmed, and shall be bound to obtain a pass from one of the British agents residing among the Kaffirs; such pass shall be explicit in the English and Dutch languages, specifying the name of the applicant, the place of his destination, the object of his visit, the number of days he may be absent, and the date when granted." "No pass shall be granted except at the request of, or upon the production of an understood token of a respectable chief, who will engage to be responsible for the conduct of the applicant during his stay in the Colony," &c., &c. "Visits on the part of idlers are by no means to be encouraged."

Now, it is true, that if an armed Kaffir is dis-

covered in the Colony, he is occasionally taken up by the patrols, and ordered across the boundary; but immense mischief arises from Kaffirs being allowed passes to enter it armed, on the most dangerous pretexts, hunting bucks, &c., and thus again to wander about, unarmed, perhaps, yet dependent on plunder for provision. I have known the law (such as it is) carried into effect occasionally, but it is by no means enforced, as it ought to be.

The 22nd Article of the Treaty says:—"All Kaffirs found without such passes, to the westward of the boundary, shall, for the first time, be immediately sent across the boundary, and delivered over to the nearest Amapakati (Kaffir police), who shall be bound to punish them, or cause them to be sent to the chiefs, who hereby pledge themselves to use every endeavour, and to cause laws and punishments to be established, for the purpose of preventing such encroachments on the colonial territory; and any Kaffir found so offending a second time, shall be punished according to the laws already established, or to be hereafter established, for the punishment of such offences."

It is true these treaties bear the signature of Sir Benjamin D'Urban. Be it remembered that he signed them reluctantly, and soon afterwards tendered his resignation, on the score of unwillingness to carry into effect measures of which he disapproved. Unhappily for the Colony, the measures remained unaltered, and Sir Benjamin D'Urban's resignation was accepted.

I have been fortunate in having opportunities of seeing various parts of the Colony, as well as Kaffirland, and the patch of neutral ground on which Fort Peddie stands. Being at a post within thirty miles of Graham's Town, and hearing of murders and depredations in many directions, I observed that it was singular how much more disturbed the actual Colony was than the other side of the Fish River, near Fort Peddie. I was told that the Kaffirs were lurking in the Colony. Thus they are going about armed, though it is forbidden to sell arms to them: the order is openly violated. A few weeks since, I rode to the mouth of the Kowie, by way of Bathurst, a beautiful village, twenty-six miles from Graham's Town. Bathurst is a peaceful-looking spot, with the white cottages and farms of the settlers dot-

ting the green hills which slope down into a lovely valley. One of the most thriving establishments I have seen is a location called Clumber, five miles from Bathurst, originally established by an emigrant sent hither by the Duke of Newcastle. Here, as in other places, the chapel is built as a place of refuge in case of war; it stands on a green mound, commanding an extensive view, and its position is admirably adapted for the purposes of defence and observation. I was struck with the church, which would be an ornament to any large, well-built English town.

Among the congregation were two families, one consisting of people and children of all sexes and ages, and the other of a young man, his wife, and an infant in arms; the young couple being under twenty-two years of age. That bright calm Sunday afternoon, the young father and the elder one rode out together; and, the sun being rather warm, on reaching a shady kloof, or glen, they off-saddled, and lay down to sleep. The heathen were soon on these unfortunates. In the evening, the Kaffir herdsman returned to Bathurst with the cattle which had been missing, and which

these poor settlers had partly ridden out to seek. Their wives, imagining they had gone further than they intended, and taken up their abode at some house by the way, expressed no uneasiness till the following day, when a party of their friends resolved on going out to seek them. They traced them to the lonely glen, and there they lay—dead, murdered in cold blood. The younger (a slight, but fine creature) had been shot in his sleep, and the elder had been dragged many yards, and then inhumanly mutilated; a dog, faithful to death, remained by the bodies, and probably would have died there of starvation, if not discovered; but the horses were gone.

Only four months previously, another settler had been found murdered, evidently by Kaffirs, for he was covered with assegai wounds. Poor creature! he had been visiting one he loved, and neither those at home, nor those he had last parted from, knew what had become of him for a week, when his body was discovered, mangled as I have described.

In the neighbourhood of Beaufort, more to the north-east of the Colony, these wretches are still

sacrificing our unhappy countrymen to their blood-thirsty calculations. A poor shoemaker, a month ago, was walking peaceably along the road, when he suddenly came upon Kaffirs driving stolen cattle: they murdered him at once; another settler got away, after a desperate struggle and a severe wound. Such events are of constant occurrence. The farmers and settlers are assembling together (having legal permission for their meetings), and are petitioning to have Sir Benjamin D'Urban's measures resorted to, and abided by. What treaties must those be by which, if boys quarrel in Kaffir kraals, or the chief pulls an Imrad's (or Great Councillor's) nose, a hundred and fifty men, with the Lieutenant-Governor at their head, are marched fifty miles, at half an hour's notice, to be kept waiting at an outpost till the recreant and quarrelsome factions choose to make their appearance on the council-ground, —all ending at last in smoke; while murder and robbery are committed with no chance of redress, or compensation! Owing to the malformation of these treaties, there is the utmost difficulty in tracing murder and depredation to the right sources; the very cattle rescued

being, as I have shown, seldom good for anything*.

Though the description of the journey to the Kowie Mouth will be more interesting to civilians than, apparently, to naval or military people, still the spot may one day be a thriving anchorage for merchantmen, and no bad settling-place for half-pay officers. The mouth of the Kowie offers many advantages as a harbour for merchant vessels; but much labour has been expended, and must be expended, before the anchorage for such vessels may be considered permanently safe. If it do succeed, ships chartered with cargoes for mercantile houses in Graham's Town, will be able to land them there, to be transported only twenty-seven miles, instead of ninety-six, as from Algoa Bay. There are so many varied opinions concerning this scheme, that I hardly like to express one myself, though founded on what I saw. I cannot imagine that ships of heavy tonnage can ever find safe anchorage in a narrow bay, the bottom of which consists of shifting sand, and the

* For cattle stolen and made away with in the Colony, the settler is not entitled to remuneration; this is only granted if he succeed in tracing it into Kaffirland.

entrance to which it will always be necessary to keep clear of an accumulation of sand which would form a frightful bar to the entrance of any vessel. Still, perseverance, industry, and patience, may do wonders, and I see no reason why a small steamer should not constantly ply between Algoa Bay and the Kowie Mouth; even this would be advantageous to trade.

The ride to the Kowie, from Bathurst, is exceedingly pretty, and I shall never forget the by-path to the sands, from the small inn at Port Francis. Such is the name of the scattered village (for it cannot be called a town), rising in the immediate neighbourhood of the little bay, or, more properly speaking, creek. On turning a corner, we entered a shrubbery, thickly planted, by the graceful hand of Nature, with a variety of flowering shrubs and trees. On each side rose tall grey rocks, relieved in shape and colour by the euphorbia, and other stately plants. The velvet turf under our feet was enamelled with flowers of various hues; wreaths of jessamine floated over our paths, and festoons of the wild cucumber, with its glorious scarlet, but poisonous fruit, hung in graceful garlands, forming natural

arches above our heads. Silently our little party wound its way through these fragrant and beautiful arcades. How grand was Nature in her solitude! undisturbed, save by the occasional trill of some bird, the more valuable because the voices of birds are seldom heard in the magnificent solitudes of South Africa! Amid such fair scenes, I have often regretted the want of water, which always adds life to a picture; but here, on emerging from this green and quiet nook, our horses bounded upon firm sands, with the sea before us, dashing up its vast and glittering volumes of spray and foam in indescribable grandeur.

The house which is building for Mr. Cock, the enterprising individual who has resolved on establishing the harbour, gives evidence of great expectations of success, and, should Port Francis ever assume the character of a moderately thriving town, it will form a charming locality for the settler, always provided the present treaties be amended, and others, on totally opposite principles, formed.

In my rides about the neighbourhood of Bathurst, I have frequently been shocked by the

sudden view of houses burned by the Kaffirs during the war. The history of such desperate depredations, of lives lost, and property destroyed, is indeed appalling, when related by those who were witnesses and sufferers in the dreadful tragedy. The origin and cause of this much talked-of, but little understood war, may be told in a few words. The anti-colonists would perhaps say, in reply to my urging the necessity of making the Keiskama, rather than the Great Fish River, the line of division between Kaffirland and the colony, that, at the irruption of the Kaffir tribes into the Colony, in 1834, the Keiskama was the boundary. So it was, nominally; but the war arose entirely from the circumstance of the Kaffir chief, Charlie, having been permitted to establish himself and his people on the Tyumie River, within the boundary. Not satisfied with his position, but greedy of more, he began to interfere with the Hottentots on the Kat River settlement; sometimes pretending friendship towards them, and inciting them against the colonists, sometimes encouraging them in vice, and sometimes annoying them openly and viciously.

Here, again, the mischief was worked by the pseudo-philanthropists, whose selfish and pharisaical doctrines have caused such incalculable evil in the Colony. Their plan was to amalgamate the Kaffir and Hottentot tribes into one community, whom they would then have endeavoured, in their way, to convert to (what they called, or rather, miscalled) Christianity. While, then, they stirred up strife among the Kaffirs, and the angry feelings of the savages against the colonists, by persuading them that they were ill used, and by fallacious reasoning concerning the rights of these poor wretches whom they affected to convert to Christianity, (while, at the same time, they were instilling the worst passions and principles into their heads and hearts,) they were occupied, on the other hand, in persuading the Hottentots to keep their position at all risks!

In consequence of Charlie's depredations, encroachments, and interferences on the Hottentot settlement, and the interminable disputes arising therefrom, the existing authorities commanded him to vacate his location, and retire into Kaffirland. He had been merely permitted to hold it on the promise of good conduct, and he had, of

course, forfeited this indulgence. On another promise, however, of better behaviour for the future, he was kindly permitted to resume his position on the Tyumie. Perhaps this would not have been the case had the Colony been furnished with sufficient troops at the time to meet the emergency. Under existing circumstances, it was clearly desirable to avoid an open rupture, if possible. Then it was that the pseudo-philanthropists (to raise themselves in the estimation of their employers at home, and add to the incomes they received from the Missionary Societies,) fanned from its embers a flame which had been smothered, but was not extinct, and sent forth the savage, (so to speak,) armed with brand and assegai, upon their own countrymen, the colonists. Charlie's excuse for molesting the Hottentots in their location was, that it had been his father Gaika's property. The pseudo-philanthropists questioned the right Gaika had to give up his own land, though it had been made over to our Government by treaty. Now, the territory having been so given up, had Charlie been refused permission to establish himself within the boundary, he would have had less opportunity of molesting

the Hottentots, and thus the primary cause of disaffection and discontent might never have arisen.

In remarking on the unhappy state of the Colony at present, it is said by the anti-colonist party, "It is not a bit worse than many other places. Ireland, for instance!" If mischief can be repaired, or avoided in any country, why should not effective measures be taken, accordingly? Why,—because one country is in a miserable condition,—should another be permitted to go to ruin, or even to retrograde, without an attempt to save it? The anti-colonist party have lost all influence in the Colony, but the mischief worked at home by their mis-statements and selfishness remains yet to be undone.

I have not space to detail the origin of the disaffection of the Dutch towards our Government. The manner in which slavery was suddenly abolished was the first blow to their allegiance. Had the measure been carried into effect more gradually, had some proper arrangements been made for the subsequent disposal of the freed slaves, the better-disposed Boers would have fallen at last quietly into the plan. It is true the slaves

were apprenticed,—but how? As in the case of the old fable of the man overcoming the lion, (except that in this one it was analogous to the idea of the lion overcoming the man), the fanatical friends (?) of the slave framed and planned the laws, which were accordingly too much in favour of the habits of these poor ignorant creatures to be healthful or productive of anything but evil fruits. There were no vagrant laws*. The slave made his frivolous complaint against his master, which, if dismissed as unfounded, was the cause of much trouble to the farmer and delay in his work. The Hottentot, the Kaffir, or the Fingo, established himself where he pleased. He could not be ejected from the position he had taken up in the immediate neighbourhood of the settler, whose property he injured or destroyed with impunity, since the state of such laws as existed was, to say the least, loose and inefficient. The reasons, then, for the Dutch becoming discontented growing stronger and stronger every day, they at last began to move over the different branches of the Orange River, taking with them (contrary to

* Some have been framed, but being defective, are neither reformed, remodelled, nor carried into effect.

the colonial law) their apprentices. The disputes which arose on this subject were interminable. The military parties sent forth to back the apprentices ran no small risk of losing their lives in their inglorious duties. The most determined insurgents have now taken up their position at Natal. How matters will terminate, is very uncertain. It is thought that no decided relations, hostile or otherwise, will be established between the disaffected Boers and ourselves without vast expense to Government, and some bloodshed. Reports are flying about, and, if the old Scotch adage be true, that "there is never smoke without fire," then there must be a latent flame, which circumstances will sooner or later call forth. Troops must be kept at Colesberg, from the neighbourhood of which the Boers are daily emigrating towards Natal, nominally to attack Panda, a Zoolah Chief, but, in reality, to be ready for the first opportunity of establishing themselves firmly in the possession of that "beautiful opening."

The Zoolahs are a tribe apart from the Kaffirs, darker than the Fingoes, yet more resembling them than the Kaffirs. They have established themselves to the north-east of Kaffirland, near

Natal. How they became possessed of this tract of country is unknown, and consequently its original inhabitants cannot be traced. In short, from the southern extremity of Africa to the latitude of the tropic of Cancer, no tribe can be proved to have had their dwelling-place in any part beyond a period of two hundred years. The folly of the pseudo-philanthropists is manifest in the outcry they raise about the sin and selfishness of driving the Kaffir away from the "land of his fathers," where "the bones of his forefathers lie buried," and where he, too, would wish to be "laid in death." Now, the Kaffirs do not bury their dead; latterly some of the Wesleyan missionaries have persuaded them to do so occasionally, but such instances are rare. They have a superstitious horror of touching a dead body, and there are instances every day of parents, husbands, and wives, dragging their unfortunate sick, in the last mortal agony, into the bush, where they are left, a prey to the vulture, the wolf, or the jackal. Very lately, a Kaffir mother buried her daughter (who was in a decline) *alive*, because, had she died in the family hut it must have been burned, which would have been

inconvenient! I also heard from a respectable missionary that a poor child was buried three times by its mother, and each time burst the earthly trammels of the grave, and, returning home, was at last, at the missionary's entreaty, suffered to take its chance, and eventually recovered! The race called Fincani, of whom Pringle speaks, are a tribe originally Zoolahs, but who, being sent by Chaka, the notorious and wicked Zoolah Chief, to conquer a neighbouring territory and its inhabitants, were unsuccessful; and, not daring to return, settled in a location of their own establishing, and became most troublesome neighbours to the colonists.

It is to be hoped we shall finally make the settlement of Natal firmly our own. Its advantageous position, charming climate, and its soil, so capable of cultivation, so rich by nature, render it, indeed, a desirable addition to the Colony; an addition which, perhaps, will not be recognised by all until a decisive and unqualified blow shall be struck at the root of its present open disaffection.

There is also coal to be found at Natal. The quality of it is excellent; but, as no attempt has

been made to examine the extent of the mine, and its capabilities, it is at present useless. What might not be done by working this mine as regards the comfort of the Colony? for, while we are consuming wood, which, in the neighbourhood of Graham's Town, the head-quarters of the troops on the frontier, is growing scarcer every day, no attempt is made to plant and renew what we are destroying. What an employ, too, for those unfortunates at home in want of work! Provisions at Natal are as cheap as they are plentiful, even now; and what would this place be if fairly established under our own laws, and with a regular communication existing between it and Algoa Bay! The very harbour offers safer and better anchorage for ships of heavy tonnage than that port! With such advantages, judge of the value of such an addition to our colonial property.

I merely echo the "voice of the people,"—colonists (Dutch and English, and even the coloured population,) in saying that nothing will please all parties more, be they at present friendly or hostile, than the re-instalment of Sir Benjamin D'Urban in the Government of the colony, or, at least, the re-adoption of his plans and principles.

The heavy cavalry that have been sent out are totally unfitted for the work they should have done. I say "*should* have done," because they will never be called upon to do it. Imagine a heavy dragoon in such a climate as this in summer*, scouring the bush cumbered with his bright and burnished attire. Dragoon Guards will do very well for keeping posts, which might as well be held by infantry. At Colesberg, they would be effective, if that place were the rendezvous of the insurgent Boers, but the three hundred infantry now there appear to be sufficiently so. But Colesberg is *not* the Boers' stronghold. The principal part of them have gone to Natal; and, unless cavalry could be transported thither by sea, (men and horses,) they would never reach it, for they would easily be cut off in the dangerous passes through which cavalry must move to get to Natal by land. Cavalry were more wanted for frontier service, and, from what I have described of the country, its inhabitants, their habits and lurking-places, it will be found that heavy cavalry is by no means so efficient as the

* The thermometer being at times a hundred and twenty in the shade.

Colonial Corps now on duty. The posts where the Cape Corps are quartered are frequently left almost bare of troops, from the constant requisitions for expresses and patrols, to say nothing of a "Commando," where the Hottentot soldier does the chief work. Unaccustomed to the country, the language, and the climate, the brave English soldier, who would be invincible to death in the open field, against a fair and more than equal foe, becomes here little better than a cattle-herd. After a "Commando," a military party in charge of cattle, conducting them into Graham's Town, is not an unamusing sight. How would some aristocratic papas and mammas be horrified at seeing their gentlemanlike sons heading the party, and playing the part of principal herdsman on the redoubtable occasion! Frequently, such expeditions require the utmost caution, and are attended with danger; and, though it would be no addition to the soldier's wreath of glory to be assegaied, or shot, in the execution of such a duty as that of driving cattle, he would be not the less killed "for a' that,"—dead,—lost to his sorrowing friends and his unsympathizing country for ever. After all, the French are not the only people whose senti-

ments savour of the theatre. A man who has *seen* the war in China, or Affghanistan, is a much finer fellow, according to our ideas, than the poor murdered soldier who lies buried, or bleaching, on the far and solitary plains, or in the deep jungles, of South Africa!

CHAPTER VII.

THE CEDED TERRITORY—BEGINNING OF THE KAFFIR WAR—RESCUE OF A PRISONER BY KAFFIRS—MURDER OF A MISSIONARY—DECLARATION OF WAR—ATTACK UPON THE AMATOLA MOUNTAINS—CONFLICT OF THREE DAYS' DURATION—ACTION AT BURN'S HILL—DEATH OF CAPTAIN BAMBRICK—SIR PEREGRINE MAITLAND, COLONEL SOMERSET, AND COLONEL HARE—NARROW ESCAPE OF SIR PEREGRINE—THE KAFFIRS IN THE COLONY—GRAHAM'S TOWN THREATENED BY THE SAVAGES—DEATH OF COLONEL NORDEN.

At the period of writing the opening chapter of this work, it was not too late to remedy some of the disasters from which the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope had for many years suffered severely. But in England there was no one who

would turn even an impartial eye towards this ill-starred country; and however anxious, however just, however able a Colonial Governor may be, he must, on assuming the reins of Government, make himself fully acquainted with everything connected with the place and people ere he can feel himself fully entitled to use his energies for their benefit.

But I trust a simple narration of facts will place all things in a true light before my readers, and enable every one to form an estimate of the truth, or falsehood, of my prophecy two years and a half ago, and to judge of the real position in which the settlers of South Africa stand, with regard to their savage neighbours. I consider all political discussion as irrelevant and unsuited to my province.

* * * * * *

In the month of February, 1846, the Gaika chief, Sandilla, having agreed to the proposal of the British authorities in South Africa, that a military post should be established at Block Drift, near his own kraal, or residence, and on the con-

fines of the ceded territory*, chose to withdraw his consent, and treat the troops sent thither with great insolence. His excuse was, that he had given his consent to the Resident Agent, without consulting his councillors, who were of a different opinion.

On receiving this haughty message, the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Hare, summoned Sandilla to a conference at Block Drift: the young chief of the Gaikas appeared before the Lieutenant-Governor and his small array of British troops, surrounded by two thousand warriors, armed with muskets, and capitally mounted. The arms had been purchased from British traders,—there being no law to check the indiscriminate sale of arms and ammunition to the Kaffirs,—and the greater proportion of the horses had been plundered from the unfortunate farmers in the Colony. Nothing was decided at this conference, and the project of establishing a post at Block

* This ceded territory was occupied by certain Kaffir tribes only conditionally. By their depredations, they long ago forfeited all right to remain there. It was thought that the establishment of Post Victoria, in 1844, would have had some effect in keeping them in check; but the measure proved only a source of useless expense.

Drift was for the time, if not altogether, abandoned. The troops returned to Fort Beaufort, Sandilla to his kraal, and, some days after an abject and pathetic message was received by Colonel Hare from the Gaika chief, with the assent of several other chiefs subservient to him. The message was exceedingly well "got up," but meant nothing; the colonists were recommended to return to their farms, as there was "nothing to fear," and the authorities contented themselves with what the colonists sneeringly call "the *word* of a Kaffir!"

In March, the bubble burst! A Kaffir, being convicted of some misdemeanour at Fort Beaufort, was placed, with others, under the charge of a Hottentot guard, and ordered into Graham's Town, to be confined in the gaol until the period of the circuit. Among these prisoners was also an English dragoon. A party of Kaffirs secreted themselves near the road leading from Fort Beaufort to Graham's Town, and, on the approach of the guard and prisoners, darted out of the bush, shot the Hottentot to whom the Kaffir was handcuffed, severed the dead man's hand from his body, and led off the rescued savage; followed,

however, by the guard, who were obliged to retreat at last, narrowly escaping with their lives. A few weeks previously to this event, a German missionary, named Schulz had been murdered in cold blood in the open day on the public road, not many miles from Fort Peddie, by some of Pato's people. The murderers of Mr. Schulz were demanded by the authorities, and Pato promised to deliver them up, but did not keep his word. He never intended to do so!

On the murder of the Hottentot, and rescue of the Kaffir prisoner, in March, Colonel Hare resolved to "chastise" the Kaffirs, and issued a proclamation to that effect. A few days before this, I was riding between Fort Beaufort and Graham's Town, and overtook the party from whom the Kaffir had been rescued. I confess the sight of the English dragoon, handcuffed to a Hottentot, and guarded also by Hottentots, was unpleasing to me. "They will never make a soldier of that man again," I observed to my companion, as the young fellow turned his sullen gaze upon his associates.

Colonel Hare's proclamation caused an immense stir, of course, but we had so frequently

threatened to chastise the Kaffirs, our troops had so often toiled through Kaffirland, only to be deceived and laughed at by our insolent and thievish neighbours, that no one dreamed of real war. Even those who professed to look upon the Kaffirs as a daring enemy, could scarcely have expected them to make the stand they did, or fifteen hundred men would not have been considered a sufficient force to "chastise" the Kaffirs in the Amatola Mountains. Be this as it may, war was fairly declared; and, on the 15th of April, the troops began their march through the ceded territory, seeing little but empty kraals, which they burned, and encountering no living thing except some deserted poultry, which they put to death without mercy: they anticipated, in fact, the same unsatisfactory expeditions as those they had so often undertaken to no purpose.

Nothing was heard in Graham's Town of the progress of the British army(!) for many days. The 20th of April brought the unexpected intelligence that the Kaffirs had made a most determined stand in the Amatolas. Several valuable lives had been lost on our side, and fifty-two waggons, containing the whole of the baggage of

the 7th Dragoon Guards, and part of that of the 91st, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, being burnt and plundered by them; the Kaffirs quietly arraying themselves in the clothing and accoutrements of the soldiers.

Our troops had been engaged for three days fighting desperately with thousands of these savages, and were compelled to retire upon Block Drift, where they kept their ground, and finally established, by force of arms, the disputed right to build a post there.

On the 15th of April, Colonel Somerset assembled his force on the Deba Flats. This force consisted of part of the 7th Dragoon Guards, under Colonel Richardson*; the Cape Mounted Riflemen, commanded by Colonel Somerset; three companies of the reserve battalion 91st, under Major Campbell; the Grenadier company, 1st battalion, under Captain Ward; and about 150 Kat River Burghers. Here Colonel Somerset made his dispositions; and, at 7 o'clock on the following morning, the division under Major Campbell, with the Kat River Burghers, marched into the Amatola Valley; Major Armstrong,

* The effective strength of the 7th was now 240!

with some Cape Mounted Riflemen, and Captain Sutton, with some mounted Burghers, were detached over the hill; and, it not being passable with artillery, Colonel Richardson was requested to co-operate with his guns, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and a detachment of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, under Captain Donovan. Colonel Somerset proceeded with his party round the Amatola Mountains, in order to unite with and support the troops under Major Armstrong and Captain Sutton.

Major Campbell, having advanced some way into the valley, soon found himself opposed to an immense body of Kaffirs, who opened a heavy fire upon the troops. The ascent of the infantry up a hill clothed with thick bush, was accomplished under desperate circumstances—thousands of Kaffirs, secure in ambush, or assembled on the mountains around them, shouting their war-cry of "Izapa! Izapa!"—"Come on! Come on!" On reaching a kloof, a few Kaffirs made their appearance; but, "it being suggested to Major Campbell that these were merely put there to divert attention from the scrub* on the left, he

* Bush intermingled with stones.

desired his men to keep a sharp look-out in that direction." It was well he did so; the Kaffirs "opened a tremendous fire from that point, from the kloof on the right, and in the rear." "I never before," says the writer of an account from the scene of action, "experienced such dreadful fatigue; what with the steepness of the mountain, and having to ascend it amid a shower of balls, I was compelled to lie down twice, screened by the thorn-trees, before I reached the top. Two men fainted by the way, four of the 91st were killed, and two wounded. From the number of shots fired, I am surprised half of us were not killed."

By the time the division had reached the summit of the mountain, they were all fairly exhausted. It was a joyful sight for them when they found their position was discovered, and they saw the Cape Corps coming to their assistance, with a gun, from the other side. The red-jackets cheered the reinforcement from the hill-top, and then rested on their arms, while the Cape Corps went to work, and soon silenced the enemy there.

In getting round the mountain, Colonel Somerset, after crossing a difficult drift with a gun, disco-

vered a large drove of cattle on the left. Captain Sutton, with his Burghers, Captain Pipon, with a troop of the 7th, and Captain Donovan, with some Cape Mounted Rifles, were despatched to capture them, and succeeded in taking eighteen hundred head. At sunset, the troops encamped for the night on the flat under the Amatola.

The first day's action at Burn's Hill was disastrously marked by the death of Captain Bambrick, 7th Dragoon Guards, a fine old Waterloo soldier, who had also served for many years in India, in the 11th Hussars. He unhappily went too far into a dense bush, and was shot. One or two circumstances connected with his death are worthy of notice.

Captain Bambrick's troop formed part of a division under Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, who had been left in charge of the baggage. During the day, some Kaffirs came down upon the herds and oxen belonging to the waggons, and in fighting for the cattle, mortally wounded a young boy, named Mc Cormick. His brother ran to his assistance; and the dying child, seeing the other herds retreating, raised himself, and shouting, in his death-agony, "Don't run!

don't run! We'll beat them yet!" sank back exhausted, and spoke no more. Captain Bambrick was sent in pursuit of the Kaffirs who had killed this poor young settler; and the old dragoon officer, reckless of the foe, seen or unseen, and accustomed to charge wherever that foe might be, dashed into the bush at the head of his troop, went too far, and fell in consequence by the hand of a concealed savage. Shocking to relate, his body was cut in pieces by the enemy, and either burned or *hung about* the bush. Oh "pastoral and peaceful" people! Ere Captain Bambrick fell, he called to his men to retire, having found out, too late, that "that was no place for cavalry*."

He must have received many wounds. His charger gallopped past the troop without its rider; its trappings and saddle were covered with blood; while the savages bore off the mangled body of their victim, brandishing his sword on the top of the hill as they retreated. Captain Bambrick was forty-seven years of age, and had served his country more than thirty years.

As I have observed, Captain Bambrick's troop

* See Chapter I.

formed part of a division, under Major Gibsone, left in charge of baggage and ammunition, while Colonel Somerset proceeded with the main body towards the wooded kloofs and steep ascents of the Amatola Mountains. Before proceeding in search of the plundered cattle to a hill overlooking "Sandilla's drift," Captain Bambrick received distinct orders from Major Gibsone "by no means to proceed to any distance." The old soldier could not, or *would not*, understand a warfare which demanded such caution, dashed onwards, full of chivalry, utterly wasted on such a foe, and fell, as might be expected. It may be added, that, had he not fallen when he did, the whole troop would have become the victims of his noble but ill-timed daring.

Major Gibsone's dispatch states further—"About seven o'clock, just as I had diminished the size of my camp, we were attacked by a considerable body of Kaffirs, whom we beat off in six or seven minutes, I am sorry to say, with the loss of four men of the 91st killed, and four wounded."

On the 17th, Major Gibsone, in compliance with Colonel Somerset's instructions, moved from

Burn's Hill, at half-past ten A.M. From the number of waggons (one hundred and twenty-five), and the necessity of giving a support to the guns, Major Gibsone was only enabled to form a front and rear baggage-guard, and could not detach any men along the line of waggons. After proceeding about a mile, shots issued from a kloof by the side of the road; Lieutenant Stokes, R.E., ran the gun up to a point some three hundred yards in advance, and raked the kloof with a shell. When half the waggons had passed, the Kaffirs made a dash upon one of them, firing at the drivers and some officers' servants, who were obliged to fly; then took out the oxen, and wheeled the waggon across the river. An overpowering force then rushed down from the hills in all directions, keeping up an incessant fire, which was returned by the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 91st, with great spirit. The gun was also served with much skill; but, owing to the Kaffirs' immense superiority in numbers, Major Gibsone, to prevent his men from being cut off, was obliged to return to Burn's Hill, where he again put the troops in position. A short time after this, a company of the 91st, under Captain Scott, ad-

vanced in skirmishing order, keeping up a heavy fire; but the waggons completely blocking up the road, the troops were obliged to make a *détour*, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in getting the ammunition-waggons into the proper line, but found it quite impracticable to save the baggage-waggons, the Kaffirs having driven away the oxen. One of the ammunition-waggons broke down, but the ammunition was removed to another; the troops then fought their way, inch by inch, to the Tyumie Camp, where they were met by Colonel Somerset's division, and where they again encamped for the night.

Colonel Somerset, in his dispatch, dated "Block Drift, 18th of April," describes the Kaffirs, as "assembling in a very large force on the heights above the troops, on the 17th, and, on arriving at the Tyumie drift, the enemy pressed upon them at every point. Lieutenant Hill, R.A., got the gun into position, and made excellent practice into the dense bush along the river, the enemy pressing on, and opening a severe fire on our advance. Lieutenant Armstrong, with some Cape Mounted Rifles, then scoured the bush in all directions; the flanking-parties of the 91st kept

up a strong fire on the enemy; and Colonel Richardson supported the rear in the most able and gallant manner. Major Campbell held the drift, while the ammunition-waggons passed; Captain Browne's guns taking up an admirable position, and doing great execution under a heavy fire."

Thus, scarcely fifteen hundred men, not all regular troops, encumbered with a hundred and twenty-five waggons, made their way into the fastnesses of these savages, who were many thousands in number; and, though unable to follow up the enemy, of whom they killed at least three hundred, succeeded in saving all their ammunition, captured eighteen hundred head of cattle, and finally fought their way to the original ground of dispute.

An old officer, in speaking of this affair of the "three days" in the Amatolas, informed me that neither he, nor those in the same division with himself, had had anything whatever to eat, from Thursday, the 16th, at daylight, until Saturday night, the 18th, when they reached Block Drift; there, some biscuit was served out to them. My husband was not only without food during this period, but, having lost all his baggage, had nothing

on for days after (night or day) but his shell jacket and white trousers. His horse was slightly grazed by a ball, which touched it between the saddle-flap and his canteen; fortunately, it must have struck something on its way. The Kaffirs invariably aim at the officers, believing that, in bringing down the leaders, the whole body will be made to give way.

The following officers were killed and wounded during the late engagements:—7th Dragoon Guards —Captain Bambrick, killed; 91st—Lieutenant Cochrane, wounded three times; Cape Mounted Rifles — Captain Sandes, murdered. Colonel Richardson and Captain Rawstone, 91st, narrowly escaped wounds at least, both being struck by spent balls. Colonel Somerset had just dismounted from his charger, when the man who took it from him was shot dead, the animal escaping. Lieutenant O'Reilly had the trigger of his gun shot off; and Mr. Bisset lost two horses not long after dismounting.

The loss of Captain Sandes, Cape Mounted Rifles, is greatly to be deplored. Being ordered to proceed with an express from Post Victoria to Colonel Somerset, at Block Drift, on the 18th of

April, he unfortunately started after the party, lost his way, returned to Victoria, was advised to wait till another mounted party should be likely to proceed, but, faithful to his orders, determined on riding to Block Drift alone, which he did, and was brutally murdered! The Kaffirs themselves now acknowledge that he fought desperately, cutting his way through two bodies of these wretches, of whom they admit he must have killed and injured eight, or ten. The third body despatched him. So much for the Kaffir's mild nature and generous sentiments! So much for his bravery! No man can be brave who does not appreciate bravery in others.

Among the slain, was afterwards discovered a soldier of the 91st, who had probably been burned to death by the savages, as his remains were found bound to the pole of a waggon, and horribly defaced by fire.

Dr. Eddie, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, on going back with a party to endeavour to recover some of the Government property from the hospital-waggon, found that it had been rifled of almost everything but the jar of blister-ointment, which had been emptied of its contents—the

ointment having been scooped out by Kaffir fingers.

In the first chapter it will be seen how earnestly an augmentation of the Cape Corps is recommended. The necessity of it is now fully discovered, and it is said there is a probability of the measure being adopted.

It must be observed that, on the 15th of April, the very day on which Colonel Somerset assembled his small force on the Deba Flats, for the purpose of getting the troops into position before attacking the enemy in the Amatola Mountains, nothing was known in Graham's Town of the operations of the troops in the field. Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor, who had arrived on the frontier a few days before, left Graham's Town for Post Victoria with only a small escort, and in total ignorance of Colonel Somerset's proceedings, which every one knew must be regulated by circumstances, but which every one supposed would begin and end in a march through the ceded territory and back again "without seeing a Kaffir."

No one anticipated that the Kaffirs would make the stand they did. They would probably

have made *none, had a sufficient force been sent into the Amatolas.* A false economy will be the ruin of England's colonies; facts will one day or other teach her this, when too late.

A letter from Post Victoria, dated the 18th of April, mentioned the report of cannon being heard at Block Drift, and adds, "the Kaffirs are getting it very sharply now; we hear most distinctly the shells rapidly fired off."

At this moment, Sir Peregrine Maitland was at Post Victoria, utterly unconscious of the nature of Colonel Somerset's operations, which, as I have said, were the result of circumstances. Had Colonel Somerset not been so thoroughly acquainted with the character of the country and its inhabitants, so fully confident in his men, so determined in purpose, so active in mind and body, and so gallant in the field, God knows what would have been the consequence. The officers under him were brave and determined as himself, but experience is as necessary as the support of gallantry, and the most resolute courage is comparatively valueless in a country like this, unless accompanied by a thorough knowledge of the foe with whom you have to

deal, and of the nature of his defences. God spare Colonel Somerset to the end of the war for the sake of the Colony, and long after it for his own!

I forgot to mention that Colonel Hare, the Lieutenant-Governor, had moved from Graham's Town to Fort Beaufort, before issuing his proclamation against our savage neighbours, (designated by some deluded philanthropists at home, as "a pastoral and patriarchal race!") and on the 18th of April, went to Post Victoria to meet Sir Peregrine Maitland.

Colonel Hare returned to Beaufort the same evening, in safety. Captain Sandes must have been murdered within a few miles of him; but fortunately no one crossed the path of the Lieutenant-Governor, or his escort.

On Sunday, the 19th, some cattle were stolen from Post Victoria, in the very face of the troops and their General. The Kaffirs were followed, but had got into the bush with their booty before the troops could come up with them.

On the morning of the 18th, while General Maitland was on a reconnoitring expedition, he and his party came suddenly upon an ambush of

Kaffirs; happily he had with him an escort of dragoons, who dashed after these savages. Had Sir Peregrine not been so attended, he, with his Staff, would have been cut off. What a fate would such have been for one of the "Duke's" bravest Generals!

A party of the 27th went out from Victoria to clear the bush of the Kaffirs. In the skirmish which ensued, a Serjeant of the regiment being shot in the ancle, the savages rushed upon him and beat him to death with their knob kiurries (war-clubs).

After the troops had taken up their position at Block Drift, they were joined by Sir P. Maitland, who immediately assumed the command, and superintended the defences.

But, while the troops were employed in the Amatola Mountains, Graham's Town was utterly unprotected, and bodies of Kaffirs poured into the Colony. Then began the work of devastation, plunder, and murder. Alas! while our hearts were torn with anxiety for those dear to us in the field, we knew ourselves to be surrounded by savages, who openly threatened to attack us! In all directions, we heard the reports of musketry. Now, a murdered waggon-driver was brought in,

and now, a Kaffir spy was shot close to the town; the townspeople of course exaggerating the one waggon-driver to five or six, and the spy to "thousands of Kaffirs."

On the 29th of April, Colonel Somerset arrived with his division. The sight of the troops winding down the hill towards Graham's Town, cheered the drooping spirits of the inhabitants, and made many hearts beat with alternate hope and fear, for we knew not what intelligence they might bring, or what dangers they had encountered. Little, indeed, can they, who never experienced the horrors and anxiety of war, especially a war with savages, comprehend the feelings of those who wait for tidings of the absent. The weary watchings, the very dread of the arrival of expresses, bearing we know not what tidings, the feverish restlessness to see the printed dispatches of the day, the waiting for hours in uncertainty, and then the regret, amidst our thankfulness at so much being done, that there was yet so much to do. Ah! these are terrible hours. I especially remember the reading of the first dispatch—the wife of one in command of a division, which had not been engaged, but of

which I shall have to speak hereafter, tearing open the papers with trembling fingers, while another and I leaned over her shoulder, and *would* see what she tried to read with a faltering voice. Children looked up alarmed at they knew not what, pausing in their play, and quite silent; while shots echoed along the hills and through the kloofs above the town, and the sky above and around us was lit with the fires from the devastated homesteads of the settlers. The very sight of the thousands of cattle and sheep being driven in at sunset by armed herds, was melancholy; and the panic-stricken inhabitants galloped hither and thither, endangering people's lives and wearing out their horses, causing a stir and excitement equally useless and alarming. The appearance of the town on one Sabbath morning was wretched beyond description. The bell for prayers rang from our roofless church, the Independent Chapel being lent to us as a place of worship, while the church of the established religion was undergoing repairs. A crowd of Fingo and Hottentot picquets were assembling in the streets, groups of people stood about talking, and others passed on to the place of prayer with careworn faces.

At every opening, the Sappers and Miners were busy blockading the streets, and parties of armed Burghers came galloping in with fresh tidings of ruin, murder, and devastation. The return of Colonel Somerset's division probably checked the advance of the enemy upon the town, where the greatest fears had been entertained for the magazine, containing the gunpowder belonging to the merchants. It must be added, that the energies of those who were willing to join in the work of defence had been considerably damped by a disastrous circumstance, which had occurred during the absence of the troops in Kaffirland.

Mr. Norden, a merchant, having been appointed to the Colonelcy of the Yeomanry Corps, which, it must be remembered, there had been but little time to organize, led his men out, on the 25th of April, to a valley a little beyond Graham's Town, where it had been ascertained that a number of Kaffirs were lurking. He was a dashing enterprising man, always ready to lead whenever a leader was wanting. On reaching a spot commanded by a kratuz, or cliff, he divided his corps into two bodies, directing one to the

right and the other to the left, with one of which he advanced towards a thick bush. On Colonel Norden approaching a mass of rock, which served as an ambush for one of the savages, he was shot through the head, and fell dead. The wretch who shot him was immediately brought down by the musket of one of the Yeomanry; but others rushed on the murdered man, and dragged away the body. The Yeomanry corps being thus divided, the numbers of the foe unknown, and the sun just setting, it was deemed imprudent to attempt the capture of Colonel Norden's remains from the Kaffirs at that moment. The following day, the body was observed placed in a conspicuous position on the kratuz, probably as a decoy; and on Monday the 27th, a large body of the inhabitants, a few of the Cape Corps, and a remnant of the 90th—in all amounting to about 200 men—headed by Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, Commandant of the town, went out, and brought back the mangled body of the brave man whose life had been so miserably sacrificed. The bereaved family of Colonel Norden must ever be looked on by the people of Graham's Town with feelings of deep and grateful interest.

From our windows, we had seen the patriot winding up the hills; all eyes had followed him with interest; crowds assembled in the restless streets, to watch his progress; little thought they of the miserable result, or of the manner of his return,—dead, mutilated; stretched on a gun-carriage, with a cloak flung over him for a pall! That night, the air above us was thick with smoke, rising from the burning grass which the enemy had fired to destroy the pasturage for the cattle.

In my next chapter, I shall endeavour to describe our own position in Graham's Town, and the various alarms to which we were subjected during the absence of the troops. The providing the wives and children of officers with safe quarters was one of the first acts of the Lieutenant-Governor; and, although we were never under the apprehension of a serious attack on the barracks in which we were domiciled, it is pretty certain that, but for the preparations for defence, the outskirts of the town would have been destroyed. After the affair at Block Drift, the Gaikas returned to the deep recesses of the Amatolas, and there informed their people that they had killed

all the white men. The cry of "Victory!" rang through Kaffirland; the loss of our waggons, and the sight of the savages returning with their spoil, shouting their wild song of triumph, and bearing their trophies along with them, roused the tribes who had promised to "sit still;" and straightway the Colony swarmed with these ferocious barbarians.

Sir Peregrine Maitland is now arming an immense force*. The Kaffirs must again be attacked in the Amatolas, and there, and in the capture of the cattle, their work will lie. Oh, that the work had not begun until this force was assembled, until supplies had been collected, until, in fact, we *knew that we could conquer!* These wretches must now be driven like wild beasts from their lairs, and then compelled to make restitution for their daring and long unpunished acts of theft and violence. I may again be permitted to repeat that, had the Keiskama been the boundary, instead of the Fish River,

* One division of the 90th has been stopped on its way home, and is now engaged on the frontier of South Africa, after ten years' service in Ceylon! The 45th are looked for anxiously from South America.

the aggressions of the Kaffirs would have been checked instead of encouraged, and we should have had less difficulty in *taming* and teaching them. Furthermore, had we not by our false policy—not to say injustice—driven the Dutch over the Orange River, we should have secured the Boers as our allies, instead of our *assistants for their own sakes*, and the land would have been a scene of cultivation, peace, and prosperity. What is it now? And *what, after all, have we made of the Kaffir?*

Since the close of the first chapter of this most disastrous war, we have again lost forty-three waggons, containing supplies for the troops at Fort Peddie, a post in the ceded territory, forty-six miles from Graham's Town*. Two or three dashing affairs in that neighbourhood have lately inspired us with hope, and, we trust, have daunted the enemy; though, on the other hand, we are occasionally reminded that the "Kaffir war has

* Nine thousand Kaffirs assembled on the open plains before Fort Peddie on the 28th of May, and carried off four thousand head of cattle from the Fingoes. The enemy were too numerous to attack beyond the walls of the forts. Of this and some subsequent engagements,—the latter gallantly carried on under Colonel Somerset,—I have yet to speak.

only just begun." The Kaffirs are certainly like vermin in the land,—as fast as you hunt them out of one corner, they rise up in another.

The colonists have generally defended their farms with much spirit and gallantry; the pictures of women and children taking refuge in churches, mills, and school-houses, are truly painful; and, what is much to be deplored, is the prevalence of a certain bad spirit between the military and civilians, fostered by those who write, not only from prejudice, but from report and varnished statements.

Thus, by misrepresentations and misconstructions, a spirit of insubordination has been created towards those, by whose authority alone all should be guided, and on whose judgment rests, as far as human aid availeth, our sole dependence for safety and relief.

I cannot conclude this chapter better, than by quoting the words of a "Civilian, who was engaged in the three days' action in the Amatolas." His sentiments are on the lips of all men experienced in the calamities of the frontier, in the cause of those calamities, and in their future results. "When," said he, "I looked at the scene around

me, I could not help reflecting that, had the *good Sir Benjamin D'Urban's system been continued,* instead of the lovely country being stained with the blood of British soldiers, and over-run by the Kaffirs armed with murderous instruments of war, it might have resounded with praise to the pacific 'Son of David;' nor could I help reflecting upon the conduct of our Government, that in spite of the remonstrances of wise, and good, and experienced men, has obstinately persisted in a system, which has converted a host of savages into formidable and destructive enemies."

CHAPTER VIII.

VARIABLE CLIMATE OF AFRICA—A NIGHT MARCH—APPEARANCE OF A KAFFIR HORDE IN MOTION—THE FINGO FORCES—KAFFIR WARFARE—FIRING FROM WOLF-HOLES—FORT PEDDIE—KAFFIR DESCENDANTS OF GENERAL CAMPBELL—ACTION NEAR FORT PEDDIE AND TRUMPETER'S DRIFT—SIR ANDRIES STOCKENSTRÖM.

By English papers, dated April, we found that intelligence had reached home of Sandilla's meeting with Colonel Hare at Block Drift, on the 26th of January. The frontier papers had given the idea of a meditated attack on Graham's Town by the Kaffirs, in February, and my letter to the Editor of an influential paper, "The Naval and Military Gazette," had mentioned the state of alarm into which the Colony had been thrown; but, while I denied the probability of a war, never

dreaming of the blow being struck with such a force, I deplored the miserable condition of the settlers, and the terrors and depredations to which they were constantly exposed.

I say I denied the probability of a war. Had we waited till we could collect a sufficient force, had we made due preparations for defence, and for supplies, had we set such an army in array as we have done since the lamentable affair at Burn's Hill, the Kaffirs would have been terrified into submission. Although they would have made use of every artful device to entangle us in their own deep system of diplomacy, so far superior to our own, *because united in its purpose*, we could have driven them from their fastnesses by force of arms, seized their cattle, or rather the cattle of the defrauded colonists, and established a more distant boundary, well defended by a line of posts, from which they could at all times be checked, and driven back in their marauding expeditions. By our own mismanagement, they have learned the knowledge of their own strength, which they should never have been permitted to try against us while *we* were so weak and they so powerful in numbers.

We are now beginning to make use of the re-

sources of the Colony, so long suffered to lie almost unnoticed. Preparations have been made for landing supplies at the mouths of the Buffalo, the Keiskama, the Kowie, and the Great Fish Rivers; and our sea-waggons, as the Kaffirs call our ships, are making their gallant way along the coast, while the wily savage lurks in the bush, vainly waiting for the long line of supplies, for the protection of which so many hundred men are necessary, while the poor patient oxen conveying them may fall a prey to the Kaffirs, or drop dead with fatigue, or starvation, on the road. The resources of the Colony have never been duly considered, nor has sufficient encouragement been given to those enterprising individuals who long ago suggested measures calculated to facilitate the transport of stores and merchandise along the coast, rather than across a country intersected with dense bush, and in some parts impassable at times from the overflowing of the rivers, the bad state of the roads, or the want of pasturage and fresh water.

Everything in Africa is in extremes. The air is at one moment perfectly calm, the next wild with terrific storms. The sky so sweetly serene at noon, shall before half an hour passes be darkened by

clouds which shroud the land as with a pall. For months, the long droughts parch the earth, the rivers may be forded on foot, the flocks and herds pant for refreshing waters and green herbage. Suddenly, "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" appears on the horizon, and lo! the elements rage and swell, thunder booms upon the air, darkness covers the land, the arrows of the Almighty dart from the angry heavens, striking death and terror wheresoever they fall. From the far desert an overpowering torrent of sand comes sweeping on, obscuring the air, and making its way into your very house, in such profusion that you may trace characters in its dry-depths on the window-sill. The skies open, the floods descend, the rivers burst their bounds, trees are uprooted from the saturated earth, and through the roof of your dwelling the rain beats heavily, the walls crack, the plaster falls, the beams that support the thatch groan and creak with "melancholy moan," the voices of angry spirits seem to howl and shout around you, the poor birds on frightened wing wheel past your windows, the cattle disturb you with their lowing, the dogs howl, and the unearthly tones of the Kaffir or Fingo herdsman's song are no agreeable addition

to the wild scene stirring before you. The tempest subsides as suddenly as it arose, the voices of the storm-spirits die away in the distance over the mountain-tops, the dark pall of clouds is rent by a Mighty Hand, the swollen rivers rush on, bearing evidences of devastation, but subsiding at last into a more measured course; the sun lights up the valleys and the hill sides, the air is clearer, the sky brighter than ever; and, but for the history of devastation and oftentimes of death, and the knowledge that for weeks the country will be subject to these violent convulsions of nature, the terrors of the tempest would soon be forgotten.

Such is the vaunted climate of South Africa. Perfect it may be for a few days in the year; for the rest experience is necessary to teach you whether it be agreeable or not. At one time of the day, I have known the thermometer 120°; at sunset, it has been so cold that a fire has been necessary; nay, I have known it 92° in a room with the air kept out at noon, and at six I have wanted a shawl, or cloak, during my walk. In the morning, you shall be scorched and blistered by the hot wind, while the vegetation is withering under your feet, and at night you shall wrap your-

self well up, and put your feet in shoes "impervious to the dew."

As I often do, I have diverged from my subject, and yet only apparently so, for to judge of the difficulties of warfare in South Africa, and of the merits and demerits of those who are engaged in the necessary arrangements, a knowledge of the country, its capabilities, its resources, its dangers, and, above all, the kind of foe to whom we are opposed, is absolutely necessary before any judgment on the subject can be formed.

On the 25th of March we received a report, in Graham's Town, that the Kaffirs were pouring into the Colony. At first, such reports were doubted, and were certainly exaggerated. It has since been ascertained that the Kaffirs were only awaiting our threatened blow as the signal for their work of devastation. They were well aware of all our movements, the numerical strength of our army, the defenceless state of the Colony, from the removal of the troops to the borders of Kaffirland, and the comparative security into which the farmers had been lulled by Sandilla's message, or rather by the acceptance of that message. The settlers knew Sandilla to be false, utterly unworthy of trust; but

they were told there were no farther grounds for apprehension, and had therefore no resource, under the circumstances, but to await the issue of events with fortitude,—patience is not a term to be used in this case.

Before we were apprised of the events at Burn's Hill, the alarm of Kaffirs approaching the Colony had spread, and we soon received evidence of their proximity to Graham's Town, by constant robberies of cattle, and skirmishes between themselves and the Fingo and Hottentot herds.

The 22nd of April was the first day of serious inconvenience to ourselves. Three of us, our husbands being with their divisions at different stations, were assembled with our children, as was our custom, to spend the evening together. How often had we paced the verandah, anxiously watching the lurid sky, red with the fires of devastation, and listening to the continued and heavy volleys of musquetry between the herds and savages on the hills above us! We never permitted ourselves to think of an attack on the town; and, as the Kaffirs seldom risk their lives or spend their powder without a chance of plunder in return, we considered our lives safe, since the

cattle could be swept away from the outskirts without venturing into the town. On the night of the 22nd, however, the frightened servants rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming that the Kaffirs were sweeping down the hills in all directions; and that, as the house was roofed with shingles, it was likely it would be fired by the brand of the savages.

Behold us, then, preparing for our pilgrimage across the open, undefended square of the Drostdy ground! But that we were full of anxieties for our husbands in the field, we should have laughed in the very face of apparent danger. Ill defended as the town was, we could not believe that the Kaffirs could have passed the picquets on the hills unnoticed, and accustomed to exaggerated reports, the cry of "Kaffirs" was no longer so alarming to us personally as it might have been had we heard it before our terrors for the absent had deadened our thoughts of *self*. The cry was raised, however, and we were warned to seek the shelter of the new barracks, built of stone, and roofed with zinc.

The lady of the house roused one sleeping child from its bed, and dressed it hastily, but with per-

fect calmness, while her boy danced about and tumbled head over heels with delight at the prospect of "such fun!" The young ladies of the party, my own girl among them, collected what they considered most valuable, their books, work-boxes, trinkets, a guitar, a doll in a polka dress, a monkey, and their dogs; and the wife of one in command at Fort Peddie thrust money, jewels, and papers into a box, which she carried under her arm. Ere we were ready for the *trek*, the servants appeared with *their* "valuables," the hoards and savings of many years. Oh, the confusion of tongues on that night, as we passed through the Square! Exclamations in Dutch, Irish, Fingo, broad Scotch, and provincial English, assailed us on all sides; children cried and laughed alternately, women screamed, Hottentots danced, and sang, and swore, the oxen attached to the waggons which had accompanied the 90th, uttered frightful roars, and muskets were going off in all quarters of the town. Onwards we sped; there was sufficient light to see the tents of the 90th, who had only arrived the day before, standing up in regular order. We made direct for the line between the tents, when lo! they vanished;

they were struck to the ground as if by magic, and lay as flat as linen on a bleaching-green. The young girls could not help laughing as they stumbled over the tent-pegs.

* * * * *

We reached the barrack-rooms appropriated to my use. If the *air* was "full of noises," much more so was the house. In one room were officers loading pistols as merrily as if they were going pigeon-shooting: in the kitchens, the men-servants were unslinging the loaded muskets from the wall; and up and down the passage stalked dragoon soldiers, fully accoutred, and ready for the saddle at a moment's notice, their horses standing in the yard, neighing with impatience; while we ladies, girls, and children, with three or four officers, sat waiting the result of the hubbub with the doors open; and the townspeople occasionally rushing in with affrighted faces. Had the Kaffirs been at all aware of their own strength, and our defenceless state, they might, with very little loss on their side, have burned and pillaged the town, murdered many of the inhabitants, and possessed themselves of the magazine. I should

say we had not two hundred soldiers, and most of these were of the 90th Regiment, who had been ten years in Ceylon, and therefore little fitted for service. That the enemy meditated an attack, there is no doubt; but the reports of their advance proved exaggerated, and at midnight it was ascertained that they had swept off what cattle they could from the outskirts, and set fire to the neighbouring farms. We had very certain testimony of this from the windows, for the glare of these burning homsteads of the industrious settlers illumined the sky, and the hills all round were bright with wreaths of flame from the bush.

We were all too much excited to obtain much repose, and at daylight the next morning the warning bugles of the 90th gave note of preparation for their departure, with part of the 91st, for Fort Beaufort, with supplies and ammunition. Great doubts were entertained as to whether this long train of waggons, with its slender guard, would be permitted to pass unmolested through the Ecca Valley, twelve miles from Graham's Town, the road winding along the edge of a precipice, and being commanded by a steep krautz. From this narrow road, where only one waggon at

a time can pass with safety, you look down on a bush so dense that hundreds of savages might be concealed there; and, on the opposite side, tremendous mountains, fit haunts for the savage, or the wild beast, slope down, overshadowing the valley with awful gloom; while the mocking echoes give back the sharp *slash* of the waggoner's whip, or the *crack* of the traveller's rifle, with a strange precision.

Every precaution was taken to insure a safe passage through this defile, and a slow match was so placed in the ammunition-waggon that, had the Kaffirs poured suddenly upon the party in such numbers as to render it impossible to save all the waggons, the ammunition was to be left in their hands as an instrument of destruction. Happily, the party met with no obstruction; but all the day long we were listening in expectation of the explosion in the Ecca. Meanwhile, farms still blazed around us, the hills were obscured by smoke, and, as night approached, fresh rumours arose of "Kaffirs close to the town." About ten o'clock, we were again warned of danger; our first notice was the blast of the bugle sounding the "alarm" close to our windows.

Fatigued with the watching and excitement of the previous night, we had retired early to rest. We were up in an instant. Lucifers were at a premium that night, I am sure: great was the smell of brimstone—fit atmosphere for the expected foe. Still, we had become too much accustomed to the cry of "Kaffirs!" to feel great alarm; and, to say truth, there was something in being within stone walls, and under a roof on which the brand could take no effect.

Hark!—the gun booms from the battery above. What a volume of sound rolls through the heavy air! Another blast from the bugle, taken up and echoed back by others! Another sound of cannon from a piece of artillery, within three hundred yards of us! How the windows rattle!—how the roof shivers! We are all up and astir—the children laugh, and cry, and look bewildered—and the monkey hides whatever is most wanted—and the doors fly open, and there are—not Kaffirs—only terrified women and children seeking refuge.

I was in some alarm, from the dread of muskets going off in the hands of the people unaccustomed to the use of them; but had less fear of Kaffirs than on the previous night, as we had no

cattle in the Drostdy Square, and it is for that booty alone they will risk life recklessly; so some of us went up stairs, and sat between the windows, and the servants placed mattresses against the shutters below.

Then there was a gathering together of all the fighting men that could be collected, and a sorry show they made in the way of numbers. A heavy fire was kept up along the hills, and still the farms and bush blazed on; but no Kaffirs entered the town, so we retired a little after midnight, the younger members of the party deeply regretting that we had been alarmed for nothing. No Kaffirs! What a pity, after such a commotion! Little thought could the young have for the ruined settler, the miserable widow, the motherless parents, the devastated land.

Some cattle had been fought for, and captured by the Fingoes, on the Bathurst road, about two miles from Graham's Town. Hence the alarm!

The murder of Colonel Norden, which I have before alluded to, was the next event of painful importance, and the inhabitants of the town maintained a vigilant and defensive position until the arrival of Colonel Somerset's division, on the

29th. Colonel Somerset's presence, with his serviceable band, inspired the settlers of Lower Albany with confidence, and he remained scarcely two days for rest and refreshment of men and horses, ere he again started for the bush. He had made such arrangements at Beaufort as had enabled him to move without waggons, those heavy incumbrances to troops in South Africa, and wisely diverging from the Ecca Pass, had completely eluded the Kaffirs. He again prepared to start, equally unencumbered, to clear the eastern side of the heathen marauders. Immense mischief had been already done, but there were yet many settlers whose lives and property awaited succour, and Colonel Somerset led his division to a point where they could work at once, and with the best effect. The force consisted of 151 of the Cape Corps, a detachment of the 7th Dragoon Guards, parties of the Cradock and Albany Burghers, under their respective Commandants, and two light field-pieces, under Captain Browne and Lieutenant Gregory, R.A., making altogether a force of 300 men. The Cape Corps cheered heartily as they defiled through Graham's Town, taking the road to Woext's Hill,

it being intended to occupy the old position of Major Frazer, Cape Regiment, at Lombard's post, so celebrated in Kaffir warfare, and by which great part of the eastern division of the Colony might be protected.

Volumes might be filled were I to detail half the miseries to which the colonists had been subjected during the operations of the troops in Kaffirland. None but those who have experienced it, can have an idea of the nature of the foe to which they were exposed.

The Kaffir, at the first onset, is perhaps less ferocious than cunning, and more intent on improving his own interests by theft than in taking life from the mere spirit of cruelty; but once roused, he is like the wild beast after the taste of blood, and loses all the best attributes of humanity. The movement of a body of these savages through the land may be likened to a "rushing and a mighty wind." On, on they sweep! like a blast; filling the air with a strange *whirr*—reminding one, on a grand scale, of a flight of locusts. An officer of rank, during the last Kaffir war of 1835, was riding with a body of troops across the country, when suddenly his

attention was arrested by a cloud of dust; then a dark silent mass appeared, and, lo! a multitude of beings, more resembling demons than men, rushed past. There were no noises, no sound of footsteps, nothing but the shiver of the assegais, which gleamed as they dashed onwards. The party of soldiery was too small to render an advance prudent, and though it is not improbable the Kaffirs observed the detachment of troops, from which they were distant scarcely half a mile, they did not stop on their way. They were bent on some purpose, and would not turn aside from it.

The same officer described to me a scene which had struck him particularly when on an expedition far up the country, many years ago. His regiment was bivouacked along the ridge of a chain of hills during the night. At dawn, he rose to reconnoitre, and, looking below, beheld, as he imagined, an immense herd of cattle. As the sun advanced, lighting up the valley, a solitary figure stepped out from the supposed herd, and, springing on an ant-heap, waved an assegai, and probably spoke, though nothing could be heard. Each shield of bullock's hide then gave up its

armed warrior, who had been sleeping beneath its shelter; the wild chant of the brave and warlike Fingoes filled the valley with strange harmony; and, in a few minutes, a phalanx was formed, in readiness for the approach of the troops, to whom these Fingoes were attached as allies. They have well repaid the white man's good will.

Although the Fingoes were the slaves of the Kaffirs, till Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the good, the true, the generous, and the brave, released them from their bondage; and, although the Kaffirs to this day denominate them their "dogs," the Fingoes are in many respects their superiors; and within the last four months we have had ample opportunity of judging of their patience, bravery and fidelity. The mode of warfare between both tribes, for they cannot be considered distinct nations, is in some respects different. The Kaffir goes forth to battle besmeared with red clay, simply arrayed with his kaross, armed with his musket and assegai, and accoutred with his pouch and sack, for ammunition, plunder, and provisions.

The appearance of a body of Fingoes, if less terrific, is more imposing. Their heads are orna-

mented with jackals' tails, ostrich plumes, beads, wolves' teeth, &c. Across their shoulders is flung a skin, and around their waist is girt a kilt of monkeys' tails. The chief, like the Kaffirs, wears a tiger-skin kaross, and their rain-makers, who are alike wizards, doctors, and councillors, are most fearfully grotesque in their costume.

The Fingoes also bear enormous shields, which they use with great dexterity, for defence and excitement, sometimes beating time on them as on a drum; they are also much more ready to meet an enemy on an open plain than the Kaffirs. The latter on seeing an enemy, raise a hideous yell of defiance, and utter the most frightful sounds in imitation of lions, tigers, jackals, wolves, snakes, &c., by way of intimidating their assailants, before the attack commences. A Kaffir meditating a death-blow with his assegai is a terrific object. Now he advances, his eyes starting from their sockets, his brilliant teeth glittering between his huge lips, which emit these horrible imitations, his head thrown back, his whole body writhing and trembling in the excitement of his anxiety to take a steady aim, his arm upraised, and his spear poised. The very sight of him is sufficient

to inspire the bravest with dread, for such encounters cannot be considered as fair fights between man and man. The Kaffir, too, has all the cunning of the wild beast, and we may be thankful in having the Fingoes as our allies; for, while they are sufficiently civilized and instructed to co-operate with our troops, they are of infinite use in herding cattle and defending passes. They will lie down on the watch for hours, and imitate the cries of animals to attract the attention of the Kaffirs, who find themselves encountered by creatures of their own mould, instead of the wolf, or the jackal, they expected. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Kaffirs will encircle the Fingoes, and dance round them yelling frightfully; now roaring like a lion, now hissing like a serpent; but it is seldom that the Kaffirs conquer the Fingoes, unless the latter are inferior in numbers.

I prefer citing Colonel Somerset's despatch to the Civil Commissioner of Albany, to giving any account of my own of the sufferings of the colonists at this period. My own detail could only be gathered from hearsay evidence, and in this I might be misled. The dispatch no one can dispute: it is as follows—

Mc Luckie's Farm, Kariega Kiaa,
4th May, 1846.

SIR,

Having moved with the troops under my orders to this part of Albany on the 1st instant, in order to afford protection to the inhabitants against the Kaffir tribes, and knowing your anxiety, as well as that of the public, for their welfare, I feel it necessary to acquaint you that I arrived here about 7 o'clock, P.M., on the 1st, having observed on my route that the whole of the Kowie bush was thickly infested with Kaffirs. I moved a patrol early in the morning of the 2nd to Mr. Dell's farm on the Kasouga, where I found several families collected in a great state of anxiety, the Kaffirs having carried off their cattle, amounting to about 2,000 head, and *the people being exhausted with fatigue and watching.* Learning that the people at Theopolis were in great distress for ammunition, I communicated with that station from Mr. Dell's. In a short time the minister, Mr. Taylor, came over to me, saying that his station had been attacked several nights successively, and his people were entirely without ammunition, and quite exhausted, and that unless I could assist him that night they had *no hope,* and that there were *five hundred persons who must fall a sacrifice to the Kaffirs,* who had stated they would attack them again that night. I detached a Serjeant and twelve men of the Cape Mounted Rifles with Mr. Taylor, and supplied him with a hundred rounds of ammunition as an immediate help. I also left at Mr. Dell's a party of

twelve burghers, as a reinforcement for the night. Having thus afforded some relief to these suffering people, I returned home, and at nightfall I sent another detachment of twenty men, Cape Mounted Rifles, under Ensign Harvey, with a further supply of ammunition, and thus secured these people for the night.

At daybreak the next morning, I was fortunate enough to fall in with a large body of Kaffirs, who appeared to have established themselves in the Kowie Bush. I attacked them with the troops, and punished them severely, which I hope will keep them quiet for a day or two. I then proceeded to Theopolis, and, having communicated with that station, I arranged with the missionaries to bring them all here this day, and hope to forward their families to Graham's Town at an early hour to-morrow morning, together with some other families who are here in a state of destitution, the whole of their houses, property, and all they possessed, having been set on fire by the Kaffirs as soon as they saw the troops advancing. These latter people I beg to recommend to the Government to be put on rations, and have some lodging allotted to them.

The troops under my command having been detached by the Lieutenant-Governor, for the protection of this part of the Colony, have been, under Providence, the means of saving the valuable lives of many helpless families. Had they arrived *forty-eight hours later, all must have fallen a sacrifice to these ruthless savages,* who were only waiting to complete the work of destruction

by murdering the females and children*, to establish themselves in their houses. Having been defeated in this by the opportune arrival of the troops, they set fire to the buildings and hay-stacks, and all their property. From Mr. McLuckie's 1,800 head of cattle have been carried off, from Mr. Dell's about 2,000, from Theopolis 1,400, besides the total destruction of almost all their hay-crops.

It now only remains for me to express my admiration of the gallant stand that has been made by the inhabitants here for the protection of their families. Although surrounded by hundreds of the savage enemy, they have stood forward like men; and, although seeing their homesteads in flames, and all at the mercy of these barbarians, have never flinched, but have, even with cheerful countenances, supported their characters as men and Britons in defence of all most dear to them; and, if they had not done so, the assistance the troops have been able to afford would have come too late. I am also indebted to Messrs. Fuller and Ferreira, of Graham's Town, for their assistance in patrolling and in escorting the missionaries and their families. There

* It has been remarked as a grand trait in the Kaffir character, that they will never injure a woman. Their policy leads them to imitate our's in this respect with regard to *white women*, but, among their own marauding parties, like those described in Colonel Somerset's dispatch, even women and children of one nation have fallen a prey to the assegai. Their generosity never applies to any but *white* people: they will torture, burn, and impale the unhappy Fingoes who fall into their hands without regard to age, or sex.

is yet much to be done; several families on the right bank of the Kowie yet require protection, hundreds of Kaffirs being in the Kowie Bush for a distance of twenty miles; but I cannot hold out any immediate hope that I can cross over into the Bathurst district, either to afford protection, or to intercept the cattle that the Kaffirs are driving into Kaffirland. Probably, the Lieutenant-Governor will see fit to detach the cavalry from Fort Peddie to that district.

I request that you will communicate the contents of this dispatch to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, as I am so pressed for time that I cannot forward one to him to-day.

I have, &c.,

H. SOMERSET, Colonel,
Commanding Field Forces.

To the Civil Commissioner of Albany,
Graham's Town.

From McLuckie's, Colonel Somerset proceeded, with a force of about sixty men, on the morning of the 5th of May, to the mouth of the Kowie, to render assistance to Mr. Cock, an individual to whom the commercial interests of the Colony are much indebted for his success in opening the mouth of that river. Here, a large drove of cattle were discovered in the hands of the enemy as the detachment approached, and only 120 head

could be re-captured, as the Kaffirs took shelter in the bush, with but slight loss to themselves. On reaching the dwelling-house overlooking the river, it was ascertained that from four to five hundred Kaffirs, mostly armed with firelocks, had rushed upon the cattle as they were going to water, drove up the guard, and captured the herd. The little garrison kept up a spirited fire on the enemy, a small cannon on the building being well served, and doing good execution.

The following morning, another engagement took place near McLuckie's, the troops following the Kaffirs into a kloof where they had taken shelter. Here the enemy made a desperate stand, as they will do when driven to fight for their lives, and it was not until a field-piece was brought to play upon the position that they were completely routed. The Kaffirs dragged off many of their dead and wounded, it being invariably their object to conceal the loss they sustain, but it is supposed that upwards of forty-five were killed; while on our side four men were wounded, three dangerously.

In this encounter, some of these savages concealed themselves in wolf-holes, firing from their

hiding-places. Colonel Somerset's next care was to secure all the oat-hay he could, amounting to 500,000 lbs. In the mean time, two large bodies of the enemy were in the immediate front of the troops, whose ammunition was running short. This, however, was speedily and safely conveyed to them.

It must not be forgotten, that where the troops could not render assistance to the farmers, the latter in many instances defended their homesteads with a gallantry equal to those mentioned by Colonel Somerset. Frequently, a mere handful of white men followed the enemy into the most frightful kloofs and passes, rescuing the cattle and cutting off the retreat of the savages, across the drifts, or through the tangled bush, while their homes, containing their terrified families, were left to the protection of two or three individuals, the women assisting them in loading muskets, some bearing a brace of pistols at their sides, ready to use them if necessary, and mere boys playing their part right well, through the loopholes, on any stray Kaffirs approaching the cattle *kraals*.

Meanwhile the outposts, commanding the drifts

leading from the Colony into Kaffirland, were so insufficiently manned, from the want of a proper military force on the frontier*, that the Kaffirs passed beyond the range of the guns, but clearly in sight, driving flocks of sheep and cattle in thousands before them. At Block Drift, they brought their plunder to a sunny slope, and shouted in derision their usual cry of "Izapa!" "Come on!" Had Major Campbell, 91st, permitted a sufficient number of men to leave the defences for the purpose of re-capturing the cattle, there would have been a grand rush from the reserve of the enemy, concealed in the neighbouring kloofs and villages.

Major Campbell's dispatch (condensed) is as follows:—

Block Drift, May 13, 1846.

SIR,

I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of His Honour the Colonel Commanding, that yesterday, about 2 P.M., a body of about 150

* It was found necessary to abandon and burn Post Victoria early in May. This post, the establishment of which had so highly incensed the Gaikas, was reduced to ashes in consequence of the occupation by the British troops of Block Drift, distant about nine miles from it, and nearer Sandilla's territory.

mounted Kaffirs was seen approaching the slaughter cattle guard (12 men of the 91st Regiment), on the slope of the hill, and immediately commenced firing on them. Conceiving this to be only a *ruse* of the Kaffirs to draw the force out of the buildings, I sent one officer and twenty men to support the cattle-guard, who were retiring to the camp, and got the rest of the men and gun into position. I then opened a fire, and after a few discharges several Kaffirs fell from their horses, and were carried off by the others. The whole body then retired beyond range, and, as I had anticipated, a large force on foot made a rush from each side of the wooded hill, and made directly for the rear of the building (formerly a school-house). I brought the gun to the other flank, and opened a fire of musketry from top windows and roof as they advanced, which checked them, and sent them into the bush on our right rear. Eight bodies were seen carried away as the enemy retired. Our casualty was one man wounded (since dead). While these operations were going on, the slaughter cattle were carried off by a large body of Kaffirs, mounted and on foot. Between this and Victoria, the trek oxen were also captured by this party. One of the drivers was killed. The Kaffirs soon afterwards were seen taking the cattle in the direction of the Amatola mountains.

(Signed) J. CAMPBELL,
Major 91st Regiment.

To Field and Fort Adjutant Molesworth.

Almost all the outposts were similarly assailed, and all were well defended by the military. A general order was issued, in which Lieutenants Cole, Dixon, Metcalf, Mill, Ensign Thom, 91st Regiment, and Lieutenant Bourchier, R.E., were commended for the able stand they had made against the enemy.

His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland again took up his quarters at Graham's Town, on the 9th of May. One of his first arrangements was to appoint Major Armstrong, Cape Mounted Rifles, to the command of the district to Bathurst with a view to protect the colonists there, and enable them to re-commence the cultivation of that beautiful and fertile locality. Major Armstrong is an officer of long standing and great experience in the Colony, and fully worthy of the trust reposed in him. The inhabitants of Bathurst, whose only place of refuge was the church, hailed the arrival of Major Armstrong and his force with great joy and satisfaction.

Fort Peddie, a large military station under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, 91st Regiment, had, in the meantime, become the scene of Kaffir warfare. The T'Slambie tribes in

its neighbourhood had professed to remain neutral, until they found the Gaikas were enriching themselves with the plunder of the colony. These very T'Slambie and Congo tribes received the thanks of Government with praises and presents of money only two years ago, in consideration of their peaceful dispositions towards us. The Gaikas may be considered a more worthy foe than these treacherous wretches paid and petted by us. The Gaikas have ever professed an utter abhorrence of the white man; and, although Sandilla, their chief, has occasionally been coaxed, or frightened, into sending to our authorities persuasive, humble, and pathetic messages, he has frequently retracted them, or followed them up by some daring acts of violence, or aggression.

Colonel Lindsay having received various warnings from the T'Slambie Chiefs, that they were coming with their warriors to attack his post, kept a look-out for the approach of the enemy. Several of these chiefs had, on the faith of their promises of neutrality, been received by the English at Fort Peddie with cordiality, especially Pato and Nommbé, the latter a female descendant of General Campbell, who with his family was

wrecked in the last century off the East Coast of Africa, in the Grosvenor East Indiaman. Nommbé's mother was the daughter of a Miss Campbell, one of the General's unhappy daughters, who had been seized and retained by a Kaffir Chief as his "great wife."

On the 1st of May, the war-cry of the enemy sounded in the direction of the Beka Missionary Station, while the 7th Dragoon Guards were mustering on the green at Fort Peddie. From the jaded state of the horses, owing to a hurried march the day before, some delay took place in the movement of the troops, but the force under Sir Harry Darell, which had been stationed at Peddie for some time, was saddled up, and a gun under Lieutenant Hill, R.A., was ordered to proceed immediately. Soon after, the rest of the 7th under Colonel Richardson, and a party of the Cape corps under Captain Donovan, started to meet the enemy, fifty of the 91st preceding them.

The following is a condensed copy of Colonel Richardson's report of the affair to Colonel Lindsay:—

Fort Peddie, May 1, 1846.

SIR, I have the honour to report that, in accordance with your instructions, I proceeded yesterday, with a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards, &c., in the direction of the Beka mission station. On reaching the high ground four miles from this, I saw a considerable number of Kaffirs in the kloofs to our right front, with whom the Fingoes had skirmished for some time previously. The infantry were in support on a parallel ridge to our right. I fired a few shells, but I think without much effect, but did not follow up the enemy, the day being far advanced, the force inadequate, and the country bushy and unadapted for cavalry operations. The number of the enemy visible between the station and the troops, distant about a mile and a half, was certainly one thousand, and on the hill beyond it a vast number more. The appearance of the troops seemed to be the signal for firing the buildings at the Beka, as directly we gained the crest of the hill, dense clouds of smoke began to ascend. One Kaffir was shot by a rear flanker of the Cape Mounted Rifles. I endeavoured by a feint hurried movement in retiring to draw the enemy hanging on my rear clear of the bush, but without avail.

I beg to add my conviction that it will require a very considerable body of infantry, Cape Corps, or other skirmishing force, to clear the bush, and render any offensive operations effective.

(Signed) R. RICHARDSON, Lieut.-Col. 7th Drag. Gds.

To Lieut.-Col. Lindsay.

It is to be regretted, that the feint of returning, in order to draw the Kaffirs from their ambush, did not succeed. The press in Graham's Town expressed its opinions of the movement of the cavalry very unjustifiably. Had Colonel Richardson led his regiment into a dense bush at sunset, and in a locality with which they were utterly unacquainted, the dragoons, in the first place, could not have acted, and the infantry on the ridge would probably have been cut off entirely. Poor Captain Bambrick's last words, in a similar position, were, "This is no place for cavalry." The 7th had a sad right to remember this, and to take warning from the dying lips of one of their bravest officers.

The *ruse* then did not succeed, and various opinions were expressed by those who could know nothing of the circumstances, except from the hearsay evidence of prejudiced civilians; but, in less than a month afterwards, the same *ruse* was practised by Major Yarborough, 91st Regiment, when in command of a small body of infantry and a troop of dragoons, and with success. In this rencontre, a Kaffir Chief was severely wounded. As he fell, his people sur-

rounded him, and, raising him up to bear him from the field, uttered the most dismal howls and lamentations.

The cries of the women for the loss of their relations are mournful in the extreme, and at night the wailings of these unhappy heathens fill the air with a melancholy sound, while not far from them, the victorious warriors chant their wild war-song, and dance their savage dance in demoniac glee around the blazing watch-fires.

On Friday, the 8th of May, Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, who was ordered to Bathurst, *viâ* Trumpeter's Post, to co-operate with Colonel Somerset in the protection of Lower Albany, had a rencontre with the enemy on his march through Trumpeter's Drift, one of those frightful passes formed by nature for the lurking-place of the savage, or the wild beast. I know the spot well: no place could be more favourable for the murderous operations of the Kaffirs, or less suited to the movements of British cavalry. On reaching the spot where the Missionary, Schulz, was murdered last year, Colonel Richardson found Captain Schonswar, 7th—who had the charge of the advance guard of waggons, engaged with the

enemy, the waggons being drawn up. The difficulty of proceeding down a steep declivity commanded by a dense kloof, and so bushy that the waggons could only pass in single file, was represented to Colonel Richardson. His reply was, that he was "ordered to Trumpeter's," and immediately directed the waggons to advance: but, from the incessant fire kept up by the enemy from the bush on each side of the defile, and finding his men falling rapidly, he ordered them to dismount, *each man of the centre file taking charge of three horses,* whilst the rest were extended in skirmishing order. Thus, one-third of the force was rendered inefficient by the necessary arrangement for guarding the horses. "In this manner, they had to fight their way through the bush for the distance of about six miles down to the river, and up the hill on the other side, the whole time exposed to the fire of the enemy, who were generally concealed in the bush. In some places, they attempted to stop the passage of the troops by rushing into the road in front, when the dragoons were forced to clear their way through them. Thirty-seven dead bodies of Kaffirs were counted by the officers as they passed

along the road. The Kaffirs approached within five yards to fire, and dropped down in the bush the moment they had discharged their guns."

One made a dash at Mr. Butler, 7th, and the latter, without having time to raise his rifle to his shoulder, shot the savage dead when close upon him.

The troops were hotly engaged in this way from nine till twelve o'clock; the object was the capture of the ammunition-waggon, and the enemy shouted aloud they would have it either at that drift, or the next. In this affair, several of the dragoons were wounded—two severely—and one artilleryman.

* * * *

I have to remark that, while engaged, a party was despatched for a fresh supply of ammunition, which was brought from the waggons by the men while under a heavy fire from the enemy.

Colonel Richardson, being short of ammunition, instead of proceeding to Bathurst, brought his own report of the affair to His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had now assumed the

command of the forces on the frontiers in person.

The pressure of the times hastened the gathering of fresh forces of various descriptions from all parts of the Colony; every district, from Cape Town upwards, gave forth its burghers, and, among other welcome arrivals, were six guns escorted by a body of sailors, marines, and the remainder of the 27th.

The cavalcade of guns guarded by sailors presented a singular appearance marching down the hill into Graham's Town. No steady tread of soldiers' measured paces, no shapely column, no waving plumes, though the marines, in their plain dress, more adapted for work than show, enlivened the group of brave tars as they entered the Drostdy Square. The sailors tramped onwards with their usual merry, unconcerned air, in their coarse blue clothing and straw hats, but they looked well fitted for their work, as they moved forwards concentrated round the guns. As I stood watching the cavalcade, I mused proudly on the might and majesty of England, and these proud emotions stirred my heart still deeper as the men fell back from their guns, and the marines drew

up in a steady line before the brave old General—the British hero—the kind Governor—but, better than all, the *good man!*

On the 22nd of May, our troops and colonists sustained a severe loss by the capture and partial destruction of forty-one waggons in the frightful pass where Colonel Richardson's affray with the Kaffirs took place. The loss to the public—as well as to private individuals—besides the death of some settlers and burghers—was so severe, that such charges were brought against the officer in command, as involved him in a court-martial; the proceedings and finding of which have been sent to England, and have not transpired here.

On this occasion, Lieutenant Dixon, 91st Regiment, who had been ordered to assist in escorting the waggons a certain distance, till the other escort was *met*, nobly volunteered proceeding farther, and led the advance; nor did he retire till his ammunition was expended. On reaching the rear, he found the Commanding Officer of the party retreating, by the advice of some civilians, who considered the defile impassable for so many waggons, under such a fire. The publication of the court-martial will settle the question of right,

or wrong. Lieutenant Dixon's coolness, courage, and energy, in not only leading the men, but literally "putting his shoulder to the wheel" of a waggon, to clear the line, are spoken of by all as worthy of the highest praise. His horse, and that of Ensign Aitcheson, were short under their riders. Surgeon Hadaway's horse also received an assegai wound, and was killed after he had dismounted from it.

On the 25th of May, Colonels Somerset and Richardson's divisions, which had both been employed in patrolling the country, returned to Graham's Town.

The 28th was appointed as a day of prayer throughout the Colony. The churches were crowded, and the mourning garments of those whose friends had fallen by the hands of the savage, presented a sad memorial of the times. Strangely contrasted on this day were the contending parties, the white man and the Kaffir. The former on this occasion lifted up his voice for help from Heaven, while the heathen, armed with brand and assegai, stalked wildly through the land.

And while good men were calling upon God

to assist them in their righteous cause, the foe, in a body of nine thousand strong, assembled on the open plains before Fort Peddie, threatening to "trample it to dust;" but the account of this unprecedented movement of the Kaffir tribes must be reserved for another chapter, in which I shall also have to detail a spirited engagement between the enemy and the force under the gallant and indefatigable Colonel Somerset.

Sir Andries Stockenström acknowledges the errors of his former policy, and is now endeavouring to retrieve them by his exertions in the field, at the head of the burgher force, as Commandant-General.

CHAPTER IX.

ACTION WITH THE KAFFIRS—WAR-DANCE OF THE FINGOES—ATTACK ON FORT PEDDIE, BY NINE THOUSAND KAFFIRS—SIX MILES OF COMBATANTS—FORCED MARCH TO THE RELIEF OF THE TROOPS, BY COLONEL SOMERSET—THE STOCKENSTRÖM TREATIES—CLEARING THE "CLAY-PITS"—SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS—DISCOVERY OF A SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA—FLAG OF TRUCE FROM THE ENEMY.

THE chief, Umkai, who had been received under the protection of the English, at Fort Peddie, had frequently warned them of projected attacks by his brother chiefs, but as frequently, when these warnings were given, and the troops kept on the alert within the range of the post, parties with waggons, or expresses, were arrested in their progress in some other direction. Umkai was more than once suspected of raising false

alarms at Fort Peddie, with a view to keep the troops at home. His words, however, were verified on the 28th of May, 1846, when the T'Slambie and Congo tribes led on their warriors, and assembled, in a body of nine thousand, on the plain below the eminence on which the garrison and other buildings stand. On the previous day, some spies had brought Colonel Lindsay information that the Kaffirs were in the neighbourhood, in straggling parties. At this intelligence, Colonel Lindsay ordered out Sir Harry Darell's troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, fourteen of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, and a light 6-pounder, to patrol the hills and protect the cattle. An hour afterwards, on hearing the gun at work about two miles off, a hundred infantry were sent out, under the command of Major Yarborough, to support the gun and cavalry. This party met the gun retiring disabled, a wheeler being shot. The cavalry were found in extended order, engaged with the enemy near a dense bush. The infantry advanced in extended order, firing. It was on this occasion Major Yarborough ordered them to feign a retreat, in order to draw the enemy into an open

space; this *ruse* succeeded, and Sir Harry Darell, who had retired behind the infantry and closed, had an opportunity of charging with his troop, and sabred fifteen or twenty before they could get into the bush. Then the infantry advanced, and again feigned to retire, and the enemy came out a little way, keeping up a brisk fire, though at a long range. The 91st then halted, and ceased firing, waiting for the enemy to come on; but they did not do so, and, night advancing, the troops retired to quarters. It is universally admitted that the troops behaved admirably on this occasion; Sir Harry Darell, and Mr. Gore, 7th, returned with their hands imbued in Kaffir blood, and their swords bent and broken. The number of the enemy was estimated at eight hundred, or a thousand. More than forty were killed and wounded in the skirmish and charge, besides those who fell by the shells thrown into the kloof before the infantry came up. The casualties on our side were slight. The troop Serjeant-Major of the 7th was wounded, and the charger Sir Harry rode; some other horses were also killed and wounded. The skirmishing of the enemy was perfect, hiding themselves, and

advancing and retiring behind the smallest ant-heaps and stones. With the infantry were a hundred of the Fort Peddie Fingoes, who assisted the troops, and worked bravely with them. Thus, about one hundred and fifty of our own troops, with a hundred Fingoes, succeeded in driving eight hundred, or a thousand, Kaffirs from their position, killing and wounding at least fifty!

This check, though, was only for the night,—this advance by the enemy towards the post, only the prelude of the morrow, the morning of which presented the awful spectacle of the gathering of the tribes on the hills around the open plain, on which the buildings at Fort Peddie stand in somewhat scattered order. I know the place well; a solitary tree is the only thing of the kind on which the eye rests in looking from the green plain forming the parade-ground of the garrison. All round are open, undulating plains, studded with ant-heaps, and cultivated here and there by the poor Fingoes, with Indian and Kaffir corn and pumpkin vines. These vast and almost desolate plains are bounded by steep ascents, and here and there a dark shadow in the landscape indicates the entrance to a kloof. It was

here I once witnessed the gathering of the Fingoes from those hills, to a war-dance. Their wild war-cry issued from their kraals, and then, coming forth, they united in phalanx, and advanced, with their triumphant chant. Such a gathering as this is a savage sight. As they approach an imaginary enemy, they shout and yell, then form circles, while some stern old warrior goes round with his war-club, as if striking down the struggling bodies of the wounded and dying foe; then, extending themselves in skirmishing order, they again advance, assegai in hand, while, with shrill and exciting cries, and beating their shields, their leaders spring and leap with the activity of the tiger.

When I witnessed this wild exhibition, the Fingoes became so much excited with the semblance of a fight, that they threw their assegais from them, as though in earnest; so much so, that the Resident Agent, Mr. Shepstone, who knew their habits and dispositions well, warned the soldiers, who were looking on, from the front. I was inclined to run myself; but Mr. Shepstone assuring me that they would not do our own party any harm on purpose, but that

he could not answer for the effect of a *stray* assegai, if we moved, we were fain to stand still amid a shower of spears; and, as one passed near me, there was a shout on seeing I stood my ground.

Imagine the approach of nine thousand savage enemies, all *in earnest*, towards the little garrison of Fort Peddie! It must have been an appalling sight. An eye-witness, and credible person, has published the following description in a frontier paper. I extract it, being sure of its truth, as it coincides exactly with the accounts I have read and received from officers present during the engagement. I have chosen this one as the most graphic:—

"I am afraid," says the writer, "I can give you no description of the attack itself. Were it not that life and death were concerned in it, I should have pronounced it a most beautiful sight. The Kaffir commanders sent their aides-de-camp from one party to another, just as you would see it done on a field-day with European troops. The main bodies were continually increasing with horse and foot-men, and soon after eleven the array was truly terrific. The largest body was to the westward; finding their scheme of drawing the troops out did not succeed, small parties

advanced in skirmishing order, and then the two divisions of Páto and the Gaikas moved towards each other, as if intending a combined attack on some given point. Colonel Lindsay was superintending the working of the gun himself, and, as soon as a body of the Gaikas came within range, a shot was sent into the midst of them, which knocked over several, disconcerted them a little, and threw them into confusion; rapid discharges of shot and shell followed. The Kaffirs now extended themselves in a line *six miles in length.* These advancing at the same time, so filled the valley that it seemed a mass of moving Kaffirs; rockets and shells were poured rapidly on them, and presently a tremendous fire of musquetry was poured *over our heads**. The enemy, however, did not come near enough for the infantry to play upon them, and only a few shots were fired from the infantry barracks. While they were rifling a store, a few shots from the howitzer sent them flying, carrying off their booty, blankets, &c.; a rocket was then sent after them, causing them to drop their plunder.

"The guns having frightened the cattle of the Fingoes under the fort†, they (the cattle) ran off, and

* Since this, the Graham's Town press having constantly remarked this defect in Kaffir practice with musketry, it has been carefully remedied, to the destruction of many poor settlers. There are plenty of people in Kaffirland who can translate the newspapers, and plenty of people in the Colony to forward them across the border; but this, of course, was not anticipated.

† A fort built of mud sods.

were captured by the Kaffirs, but the brave Fingoes, following them, took a considerable number. The actual fighting was between the Fingoes and Kaffirs: the troops could not have gone out without exposing the forts to danger, as there were masses ready to pour in at all quarters.

"The dragoons were ordered out, and, though rather late, followed up some of Páto's men, who fled at their approach, Sir Harry Darell galloping after them with his troop. The daring Fingoes followed the Kaffirs to the Gwanga river, four miles off. Twelve of the Fingoes were killed, including a woman and child. The two latter were destroyed by the bursting of a shell over the trench under the fort, in which the poor Fingo women, and their families, were placed for safety."

* * * *

It may almost be questioned whether in this affair the Kaffirs may not be considered as partially victorious. Upwards of 200 of the enemy fell, and more were afterwards ascertained to be dead and dying, but they carried off the greater part of the cattle. It has always been a matter of astonishment to me that they did not fire the outer residences of the inhabitants, civil and military, built of wood or unburned brick, thatched,

and abandoned by their inmates, with furniture and stores standing in them. Plunder was the Kaffir's aim, however; and he obtained the plunder he loved best—cattle. The fort, for the protection of such a post as Fort Peddie, was only sufficient to act on the defensive; and it was a horrible reflection to all, that, if the enemy did succeed in making an entrance into the forts, every soul would be murdered, unless some unhappy women were saved to swell the number of some savage chieftain's wives.

In spite of their numbers, these wretches were scattered in about two hours; but remember they bore off the cattle. Not one white man fell on that memorable day: and, so intent was Colonel Lindsay on the working of the gun, with Lieutenant King, R.A., that he was unconscious or careless of the balls whistling round his elevated position, until reminded of it by his Adjutant, Lieutenant Jennings.

While this fearful warfare was going on at Fort Peddie, Colonel Somerset, with an immense train of waggons, containing supplies and ammunition, and a force of dragoons, Cape Mounted Riflemen, and burghers of all sorts, sizes, colours,

and denominations, was moving thitherwards through the bush, avoiding the defiles near Trumpeter's, and making a *detour* by Commatjes. Colonel Richardson, with a division of the 7th, was sent from Graham's Town, in the middle of the night, to draw the attention of the enemy from Colonel Somerset's party, but did not meet any Kaffirs. The enemy were on the alert, as usual, having their scouts watching the country; and, before Colonel Somerset could reach his destination, he was warned of the proximity of the foe by shots fired at the leading oxen of a foremost waggon; but Colonel Somerset, ready-witted in the bush as a Kaffir, had anticipated this, and provided spare oxen. With admirable coolness and speed, the dead oxen were cut away, and fresh ones inspanned, and in this manner, under the fire of the enemy, did Colonel Somerset and his gallant band make their way through the dense bush, up narrow and precipitous defiles, down the valleys, and across the dangerous drifts, and succeeded in reaching Fort Peddie, with the loss of four men of his own regiment; two or three also being wounded. Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, and Lieutenant Stokes, R.E.,

had their horses shot under them at the first attack, and some troopers were killed.

This division left Graham's Town on the 29th of May, the day after the engagement at Peddie, but before any intelligence of it had been received. On the 30th, at midnight, we heard the 7th Dragoon Guards gathering under our windows, in Graham's Town, previously to starting to make their demonstration; and on Sunday, the 31st of May, Sir Peregrine Maitland, with a small escort, proceeded to a tower about ten miles from town, from which he observed Colonel Somerset bivouacked. It was not known till the next day that Colonel Somerset had encountered the enemy. No news was received from him, till he could add that he had passed the bush, and was within sight of Peddie. Little thought General Maitland, as he surveyed the bivouac with his glass, of the fiery ordeal those who rested there had passed through!

Never happy in idleness when there was an enemy at hand, Colonel Somerset only remained long enough at Peddie to refresh his men and horses, and then again moved into the bush. Well acquainted with the disposition, habits, and

superstitions of the Kaffirs, Colonel Somerset is the kind of foe they most dread; brave, hardy, active, and high-spirited, he is just the man to lead the hardy Cape Corps against such barbarians. And now, again, he was soon upon some of the stragglers who had attacked Fort Peddie on the 28th of May. They had assembled "to breakfast," in a kloof, thickly wooded; but on one green spot, lit by the sun, there was gathered a tolerable array of them, little dreaming that an enemy as wary as themselves was at hand. The green and sunlit spot was soon darkened by the smoke of British artillery, and the kloof and mountains gave back the thundering echoes to the astonished ears of the savages. Such as escaped death slipped through the bush, and along the wooded ravines, to warn their friends of danger.

Colonel Somerset then moved with his division to a place where wood and water offered the means of a pleasant bivouac, and the troops were about to open their havresacs and turn their horses, knee-haltered, out to grass, when Lieutenant Bissett, Cape Mounted Rifles, who had gone out with Lieutenant Armstrong, C.M.R., to reconnoitre, (the latter having observed a few

Kaffirs skulking near the bush, and surmised that more were in the neighbourhood), rode back with the intelligence that, his horse having carried him up the slope of a hill, he had found himself just above a body of about 600 Kaffirs. These savages, having had a long march, were halting on their way, preparatory, perhaps, to attacking the waggons, which they did not know had passed through Commatjes bush; or, it may be, they had been stayed in their progress by the sound of the shells thrown into the kloof, to rout the "breakfast-party," two hours before. There they were, however, a regular "clump of Kaffirs." Down the slope flew the fiery steed, which could only be guided, not stopped, in its career, and right past the dark mass was borne the rider, while they, bewildered at the unexpected sight of the wild horseman in that sequestered valley, never moved, but gazed in silence at him as he sped past them. "Wearing round," in sailor's phrase, his impetuous and hard-mouthed horse, he managed to bring it up at the halting-place of the division, where he reported the near proximity of the enemy to Colonel Somerset, who, lifting his cap from his head, gave three hearty cheers and

shouted, "Major Gibsone (7th Dragoon Guards) return carbines, draw swords, and charge!"

"Hurrah!" was echoed back; and on they dashed, Dragoons, Cape Corps, Burghers, Hottentots, and Fingoes. They found the enemy *up* and in position; but they had never intended to be caught in an open plain. They had never had an opportunity of judging fairly of a charge of English cavalry. Such a *mêlée*. The cavalry dashed through the phalanx of Kaffirs, and, for want of more cavalry to support them, *dashed back again!* A Hottentot soldier, one of the sturdy Cape Corps, having two horses given him to take care of, charged *unarmed*, save his sword, and *with a horse in each hand!* There was great slaughter among the enemy. Captain Walpole, R.E., who had gone out as an amateur, was severely wounded in two places; Sir Harry Darell was again wounded, but not severely, with an assegai, as was also Lieutenant Bunbury, 7th Dragoon Guards. Such Kaffirs as could not escape fell down exhausted, and cried for mercy: there was a great deal of cunning in this,—they would have stabbed any one who approached near enough to them to offer a kind word. They had

all had enough, however, of meeting a combined force of cavalry and Cape Corps, and no doubt the latter tried to surpass themselves. Those gallant little Totties are an untiring, determined band. How little do we know in England of the smartness and courage of the Hottentot!

So excited were the troops by this victory over the enemy—more than 200 savages being killed, and an immense number carried off wounded—that they gallopped back to Fort Peddie with the news, and without refreshing themselves, or their horses. Had the enemy been a few minutes earlier in leaving *their* bivouac, or had the troops been a few minutes later in reaching *theirs*, the parties would never have met. Only one man fell on our side, a Cape Corps soldier, who had often been reproved for his rashness.

This action on the Gwanga served to damp the ardour of the Kaffirs for some time. They bore off their wounded and dying to the kloofs, where they had established hospitals in the clefts of rocks, or under bush, screened by karosses and sheep-skins, and mourned the death of many a chieftain's son, Captain, or Councillor. The superior chiefs themselves seldom fall, and no

paramount chief is expected to lead his men to action. In the attack on the Mancazana, Macomo, Sandilla's uncle, beat his warriors to the advance with his knob-kiurries; and then, seating himself on a hill, waited the result of the attack and the capture of the cattle.

While these operations were going on "across the border," the Boers began to show *their* teeth on the other side of the Orange River, and the Griquas, in alarm, moved towards Philippolis, with their families and cattle. The Boers had resolved on taking advantage of the times to recover the cattle and sheep which we had given to the Griquas, in compensation for their losses in their war with the Boers, in which we had assisted them. All this was the result of English mismanagement and injustice towards the Boers, who, finding themselves deceived and unjustly dealt with, deserted the Colony and tracked over the Orange River ten years ago. It is irrelevant, however, to my present purpose to touch upon the Dutch question; nevertheless, it may be remarked that we now have great occasion to regret this disaffection. Captain Warden, formerly of the Cape Corps, but now the representative of

Government at the Modden River, soon settled the question, in a spirited and judicious manner. Six rebel Boers were taken prisoners, and sent to await their trial in gaol.

The burghers continued to move up from all quarters. I watched one body on their entrance into Graham's Town, and saw them winding through the streets; the cavalcade of horsemen alone must have been at least a mile in length. Strong, hardy, daring fellows they looked, too: but there was something very melancholy in the thought, that they had left their homes and families to meet a ruthless and savage foe, whom they had in no wise injured, or treated otherwise than with humanity and patience. How many might never return? I turned sorrowfully away, as this thought passed through my mind.

Still the Colony was overrun with Kaffirs. As fast as they were put down in one place, they started up in another. The mails could not pass in safety, the enemy sometimes waylaying them, murdering the post riders, and destroying the letter-bags, or stealing the relay horses from the mail contractors. The inhabitants of the different districts received the most garbled state-

ments of affairs, and discontent prevailed in all directions at the delay in the warfare; a delay entirely unavoidable, and as ruinous to the Government as to the colonists. While, too, the latter were complaining and deprecating the conduct of the military, they should have remembered that, though the soldier is paid to serve his country, his energies were now employed in protecting the lives and properties of the individual emigrants of South Africa. Grievously, indeed, had these poor emigrants suffered; pitiable was their position, but the bad feeling evinced against the military was as deplorable in the motives which engendered and fostered it, as it might have been in its results, had not the discipline of the British Army been such as to render its members indifferent to the praise, or censure, of a people biassed, by suffering, *in some instances*, but still biassed.

Sir Andries Stockenström now made his appearance in the field. The Graham's Town Journal, in speaking of his *entrée* into Fort Beaufort, in June, remarks that "Sir Andries had an immediate interview with the Governor. This is a matter of congratulation; for, however widely

we may have differed from this officer*, and however uncompromising has been *our opposition* to his *Kaffir policy* now *so fearfully exploded*, we have always given him credit for possessing what is so much wanting at the present moment, namely, unsubduable energy and activity in carrying out his measures. He has, withal, great colonial experience, an ingredient greatly wanted at head-quarters. *With a change of views*, Sir Andries may be the means of great good to the Colony; he has a fair and fine field before him, and for his success in it, he has, *malgré* all differences of opinion, the best wishes of every good man and true throughout the Colony."

A little more than two years ago, the feelings of all well-disposed people of either party were outraged at seeing Sir Andries Stockenström burned in effigy, in honour of Sir Peregrine Maitland's first visit to the frontier! So much for the tide of popularity.

Now, it is well known, that by the Stockenström treaties the Colony has been ruined and the present war gradually brought on. The Stocken-

* Sir Andries Stockenström was formerly a Captain in the Cape Corps.

ström treaties were the means of clogging the wheels of Government, and giving the Kaffir every chance of escape from justice. The Graham's Town Journal, in awarding Sir Andries his due as a brave, energetic man, admits, when it says his Kaffir policy is now "fearfully exploded," that it has been at the bottom of all the mischief.

Sir Andries Stockenström admits, too, that he has seen the errors of his former policy. Those who supported him through all that policy, allow honestly enough that he has been *mistaken*. He is a brave, active, zealous man; his good qualities, military and diplomatic, are widely known, and generally acknowledged; and it is fully believed he is anxious to *redeem the past*.

The Commercial Advertiser of the 1st of August, 1846, quotes a letter, dated Fort Beaufort, July 22nd, in which it is said, "The chiefs Sandilla, Macomo, Botman, Tola, &c., though at war with the Colony, have the highest respect for Sir Andries Stockenström personally; that it was the *annulling of his treaties that shook their confidence in the Government*," *&c.*

No doubt, these chiefs *were* bitterly annoyed at the annulling of these treaties, which they could

only *understand* inasmuch as they found them favourable to them and destructive to the colonists; "fearfully (*indeed*) they have exploded."

The Commercial Advertiser does more justice to the troops, and appreciates their exertions more kindly than the frontier papers. The Commercial Advertiser admits, without distinction between the military and civilians, that deeds of heroism are every day achieved that in ordinary times would elicit universal applause, but which seem to be regarded at the moment by the actors and spectators as mere ordinary events. Every one of these attacks is like the rush of a forlorn hope into the breach of a fortress; the enemy is posted behind jutting rocks and dense bush, through which the intrepid assailant has often to force his way on his hands and knees. Suddenly, in this horrid shade, the combat opens hand to hand, &c.

In spite of the sad attempts to foster enmity between the military and burgher forces, it is pleasant to observe the manner in which some of the *fighting men* have worked together; and, having given the dispatches from the Commanding Officers of different military corps, it is due

to the civil forces to give some extract from one published by order of the Commander-in-Chief, from Field-Captain Melville, dated—

"Trumpeter's Post, 24th June, 1846.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to report to you that, in compliance with your orders, I left this on the 22nd instant, at four o'clock, A.M., taking with me two hundred and forty men of the Provisional Infantry and one hundred and twenty Fingoes, under Captain Symonds, for the purpose of scouring the kloofs on the left bank of the Fish River. At seven o'clock the same day, we came upon the enemy, whose spoor (trail) we had followed up from the Fish River drift. Sending a flanking party down each side, under Captain De Toit and Captain Symonds, I proceeded down the Ganga Kloof. Scarcely had we entered, when we heard the enemy talking distinctly about fifteen paces in advance of us. We immediately rushed up, and found that their fires, ninety-three in number, had been deserted a few moments before we came up, and that cattle had also been driven past. We soon after fell in with the enemy, who, being fired at, fled in all directions, leaving their cattle behind them. We captured them, one hundred and twenty in number, with four horses, and went back up another kloof, where we found the enemy in strong force hid behind rocks hanging over our heads, opening their musketry on us. The fire was returned briskly

by our men, who faced the enemy with much coolness. By this time, Captain De Toit had joined us, having had a brush in another kloof. The skirmish lasted for three hours. One Kaffir, I supposed to be a chief, was seated on a hill, directing the movements of the enemy, telling them to surround us and take the cattle back.

"After we came out of the kloof, the Kaffirs tried all they could to cut us off, waylaying us in every ravine, and firing long shots at us. They followed us up within five miles of Fort Peddie, when they gradually retreated, with the loss of six men. No casualties on our side. I suppose the enemy to be about a thousand strong. I beg leave to state that I think it impossible to drive the enemy out of the kloof alluded to, and those immediately beyond it, without a very strong force of infantry and a piece of artillery. I beg to bring to your notice the conduct of Lieutenant Lange, who on all occasions when we have met the enemy has particularly distinguished himself, &c., &c.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"To Commandant Size. "THOS. J. MELVILLE."

On receiving this dispatch, the Commander-in-Chief caused the kloofs in question to be scoured, and it was found that the enemy had abandoned their strongholds in that quarter. This was only for a time. A troop of dragoons was ordered out six weeks after, to clear the "Clay Pits," near

Trumpeter's. The name is derived from the red clay which is found in the neighbourhood by the Kaffirs, who paint their bodies with it. It is, however, an unseemly name for the spot, which I know well. It is quite a fairy place, with a tiny valley of emerald green, and a crystal spring, flanked on three sides by steep rocks clothed with thick bush, and the stately euphorbia tree. There the coneys have their dwelling-places; there the large starry jessamine of the Cape scents the air, and contrasts its graceful wreaths with the deep green foliage of the shrubs; there the wild convolvulus forms its own bright bowers, intermingled with the ivy geranium; and there the chandelier plant waves its bells near the clear spring where the lions come down to drink in the deep twilight so peculiar to South Africa. There the baboons shout to each other from rock to rock; and there, through the gay plants that enamel the turf, winds the glittering and fatal snake. There the pretty lizards,—"the friend of man," as they are called by those who assert that they warn the sleeping traveller of the serpent's approach,—creep about

in the sunshine; and there—ah! there we made one day a pleasant resting-place on a journey. We were very merry, *then*, and the valley rang with laughter and with song, as we tried the echoes. And *now* the savage lurks there, like the lion lurking for his prey. I remember that the day we did rest there, when I expressed myself enchanted with the spot, some one said, in an indifferent voice, "This is where poor —— was killed in the last war; and where the waggon was stopped, and the poor creatures with it were murdered!"

* * * * *

Before the arrival of the expected ships at the mouth of the Fish River, it was found necessary, in consequence of the dense bush near Trumpeter's being full of Kaffirs, to open a communication between Graham's Town and Fort Peddie, by a route near the sea. The marines, sailors, and a party of sappers were therefore sent thither to form a raft for the conveyance of supplies for the troops across the river, near the mouth.

Undismayed by the late engagements near Trumpeter's, Sir Peregrine Maitland, with a very

moderate escort, made his way through the bush, and reconnoitred the scene of affrays attended by such disastrous consequences to the Europeans—by the destruction of the waggons, and by the loss of lives. Sir Peregrine established his head-quarters at Peddie for a few days; but, on the 23rd of June, he fairly took the field, and encamped with a large body of troops, part of the 7th, 90th, 91st, Cape Mounted Rifles, Burghers, Hottentots, and Fingoes, at the mouth of the Fish River, and, in compliment to the Admiral of the Cape Station, the locality was named Fort Dacres.

On the 26th, an express arrived from the Admiral, recalling the sailors and marines to rejoin the President, under orders for the Mauritius, and probably Madagascar. Their removal, at this moment, was much to be regretted; British energy, patience, courage, and perseverance, however, surmounted difficulties hitherto unconsidered, and the Waterloo, with her cargo, was soon anxiously looked for. Supplies, too, reached the troops, who were occasionally without any food but meat for days, and even that was scarce and bad. A shilling was once offered for a glass of fresh water, without success, and two shillings

and sixpence for a biscuit! At Fort Peddie, they were in a miserable plight, the horses almost starving. No comforts whatever for the men, some of them being badly off for clothing, of the arrival of which they had been disappointed by the destruction of the baggage-waggons near Trumpeter's, in May. By the way, some days after the attack on Fort Peddie, Pato's people brought some of the store-waggons to the hill, in sight of the garrison, and set fire to them, in order to decoy the troops from the buildings; but without success.

A discovery was made, near the Fish River mouth, by some soldiers, of a leaf which they substituted for tea; but the water, from being so near the sea, was very brackish and unwholesome, and thus no good judgment could be formed of the quality of the substitute. Some Boers arriving at Fort Dacres, having never seen the sea, rushed down to it in amazement at the Grute Vley (Big River), and, stooping down to drink, were much disappointed at finding it *brack* (salt).

Difficulties of various kinds now beset the path of the Commander-in-chief. The enemy had stolen

most of the colonial cattle, and what was left was in such a wretched state, from fatigue and bad pasturage, that, independently of present hunger, the trek oxen could make but very little way. On the 6th, Major Yarborough, 91st, in command of the regular infantry, consisting of about one hundred and twenty of the 91st, and part of the 90th, made his first march from the Fish River mouth, along the sea, to the mouth of the Beka; here they encamped the first night, and had a taste of the rough service in which they were engaged. The waggons did not reach them till morning, so that they had but slight provision, and no tents. However, they made the best of it, and, rolling themselves up in such cloaks and karosses as they could muster, lay down by the fires to sleep. Those who had saddles made pillows of them, —and a saddle makes no bad resting-place for a weary head, as I can testify from experience. On the 10th, all was bustle again; tents were struck, and a hasty meal was made of tough beef and ration biscuit, hard and *mouldy* most likely, and the division again moved on at five o'clock in the afternoon.

After sleeping five nights in the open air—in

consequence of the waggons with the tents being in the rear, from the state of the oxen—they reached the Buffalo River. During this march, they experienced much discomfort from bad weather, as well as want of provisions. On one occasion, they could not see their way for twelve hours, and were obliged to stand under a heavy rain, the ground being so saturated with wet that they could not lie down. For four days, the men never tasted meat, and the officers had only such provision as their horses could carry. The poor Fingoes were reduced to eating their shields of bullock-hides, and the Hottentots tightened their girdles of famine. Fortunately, Captain Melville's Hottentot Burghers overtook some Kaffir women, from whom they captured three hundred cows,—a great god-send to a starving army, for a long march was before them, the Kaffirs having gone as far as the Kei. The General, who shared the privations and sufferings of the troops under his command, determined to follow them up, but for a time the division halted till the waggons came up with comforts, in the shape of coffee, biscuits, sugar, rice, &c.; and at the same time vessels continued to arrive at the

Fish River mouth, whence stores could be forwarded, though at a "snail's pace," literally, to the troops in front.

On the 17th of July, Colonel Somerset, with three days' provision, headed a large force of eight hundred and eighty cavalry and seven hundred and sixty infantry, the latter provisional forces, which were to sweep round the sea to entrap cattle; it will be seen with what success. From the state of the trek oxen, it was quite impossible for the regular infantry to follow in support of Colonel Somerset's division; they therefore proceeded to the Dike flats, viâ King William's Town, headed by the untiring and brave General Maitland, on their way to the Amatolas, to intercept the Gaikas. The poor oxen could scarcely crawl, many of them dropping dead on the way. The Cape ox is certainly the most patient and gentle creature of its kind. And now the last issue of meat was again made, and sad prospects were before the troops on their way from the sea, whence other supplies alone could be looked for. Happily, a few straggling sheep were afterwards captured; and thus fed from day to day, in the wilderness, by Providence, the troops moved forty

miles in ten days. On the 21st of July, they encamped four miles from King William's Town, where, in the last war, Sir Harry Smith, of Indian celebrity, met the Kaffir chiefs.

On reaching the spot where the troops were to encamp, on the other side of King William's Town, through which they had passed—finding it ransacked by the Kaffirs—they were unpleasantly surprised by the return of twenty empty waggons, which had left them two days before for the Fish River mouth, with an escort of one hundred Burghers, who had fired away all their ammunition and retired, having one man wounded, and losing six oxen. The Kaffirs informed them, as they set fire to one of the rear waggons, that "unless we made peace with them, they would stop all our convoys."

Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, who had left Graham's Town on the 8th of July, for the Fish River mouth, where he was relieved by the second division of the 90th, joined the General's Camp on the 26th of the same month, bringing with him some welcome and long-looked-for supplies.

While thus encamped, a Kaffir woman, pretend-

ing to be the sister of the Chief, Umhala, made her way to the Governor to sue for peace, asserting that Umhala was "sitting still." Many such messages had been sent, but were quite unworthy of obtaining a hearing. The Kaffirs having driven their booty across the Kei, were of course anxious for peace, and Sandilla had the cool impudence to send four ambassadresses to the Lieutenant-Governor at Fort Beaufort, to ask "why we had made war upon him," and to request permission to "plant his corn!" After the affair at Fort Peddie, Stock, a T'Slambie chief, sent messengers to complain of *our attacks on him*, when he, too, was "sitting still," and only wished to be allowed to "watch his father Eno's grave!" Very pathetic indeed! This would sound most pastoral and poetical in Exeter Hall. Stock *was* no doubt "sitting still" beside "his father's grave," but his people were at work, plundering, burning, murdering, torturing and mutilating the troops and colonists, *while* he "sat still" and *approved*. He should have *protected* that sacred spot, and kept the neighbourhood of Fort Peddie clear of marauders. When his father died, after the commencement of the war, he was buried decently;

the military at Fort Peddie witnessing the funeral, and receiving the promises of fidelity which Stock offered. But, in spite of these promises, in spite of the Kaffir law that "no tribe shall engage in war for twelve moons after the death of its chief," Stock's people were among the *first* who made their ruthless way through the helpless Colony with brand and assegai!

The Chief, Umkai, took refuge at Peddie, at the commencement of hostilities, leaving his people, or rather permitting his people to surrender at will. He has since been received at Graham's Town, where, with his wives and ragged retinue, he is provided with "board and lodging" at the expense of Government. There is no faith to be placed in any chief but the Christian, Kama, who, with the remnant of his people, has taken an active part in the defence of the Winterberg district, thirty miles from Fort Beaufort. Kama has proved himself true to his religion, to us, and to himself, in every way sacrificing worldly distinctions and property, and putting his life in jeopardy by the deadly offence he gave the Tambookies in refusing a second wife from that royal race. I have never yet heard the voice of public philanthropy raised in favour of Kama.

Of Colonel Somerset's engagement on the other side of the Kei, and of Colonel Hare's co-operations with Sir Andries Stockenström and his burghers, in the Amatolas, I shall shortly have to speak.

END OF VOL. I.

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